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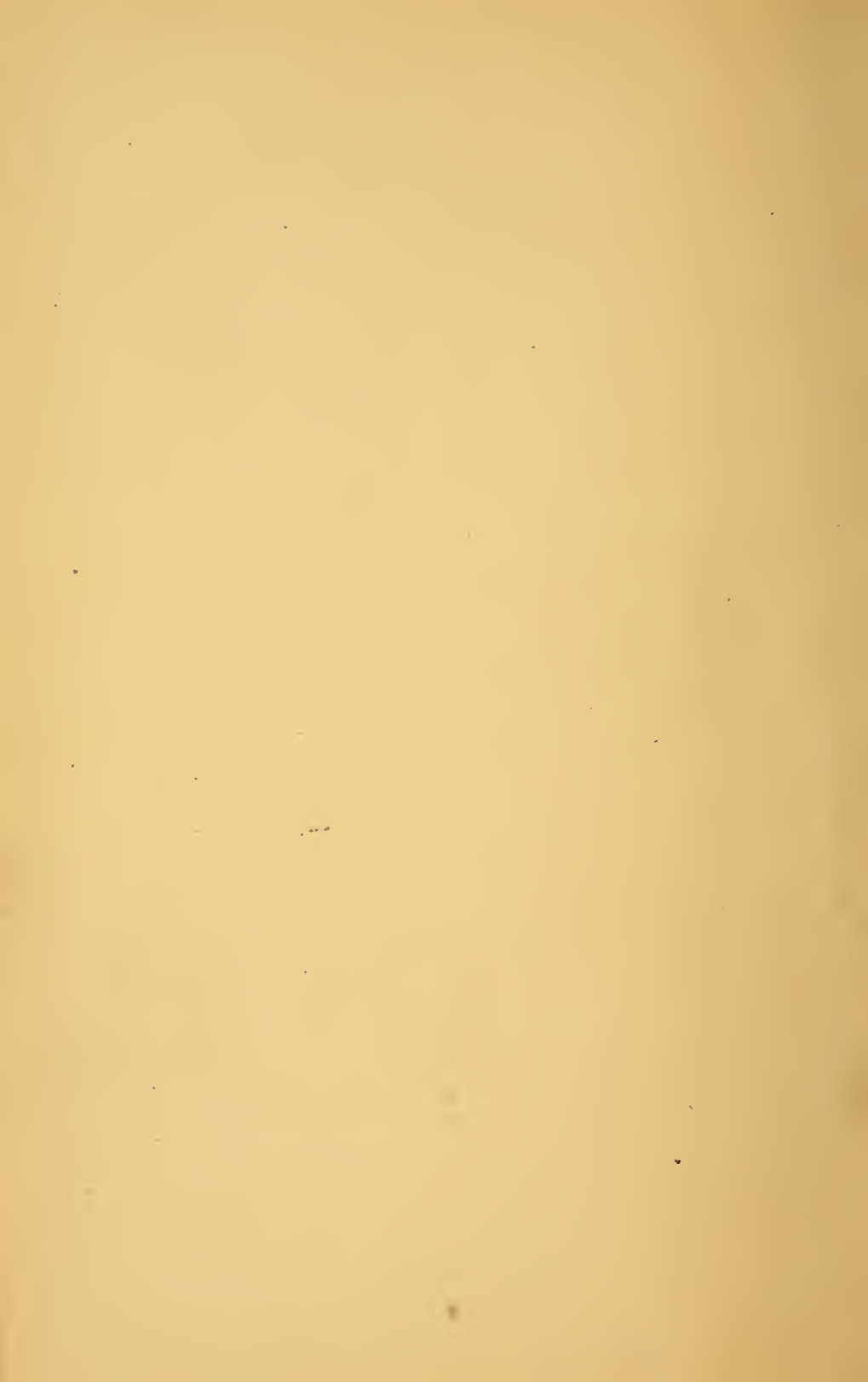
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







HEART ECHOES.

BY
Adeline Wood
HELEN A. MANVILLE.
(NELLIE A. MANN.)

If I have ever gently stirred,
Your heart-strings with a little word
In kindness said, and it has brought
One pleasure to your bower of thought;
If I have ever in my song,
Scattered the flowers of hope along
Your thorny pathway, o'er and o'er,
I breathe the words—I ask no more.



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ms. 10 May 1782

TO

MY HUSBAND,

BESIDE WHOSE FEET MY OWN HAVE WALKED
FOR NEARLY TWENTY YEARS,

AND TO

MARION,

THE ONE CHILD OF OUR LOVE,

I Dedicate

THIS VOLUME.

P R E F A C E.

ALL singers are not good singers.

That I have not touched the harp of Poesy with a master hand, I know ; yet, in the hope that these simple Heart Echoes will not be found altogether unworthy—either of praise or censure—and that they will *somewhere* awaken an answering response, I give this, my first book, to the public.

H. A. M.

LA CROSSE, WIS., *Sept.*, 1874.

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HEART ECHOES.

VIOLETS.

THE careless fingers of the April wind
Have rent the grasses' coverlet in twain ;
And, looking down with wistful eyes, I find
The sod is studded thick with violets again—
All studded thick with violets as blue
As Heaven's high arch is after April rain :
O heart of mine, I knew—yes, well I knew—
Ere long they would be blossoming again.

All Winter, when the snow lay white upon the heath,
This heart of mine kept saying o'er and o'er,
“ They sleep the sleep so near akin to death—
But O, be glad, for they will wake once more ! ”
Yes ! when the hand of Spring shall kindly raise
This snowy shoon from off Dame Nature's breast,
These eyes that hunger so for them shall gaze
Upon the beauteous flowers I love the best.

And now 'tis Spring again—bright, balmy Spring !
And, sitting here to-night, I say of Death :
“ Ah ! it is not so grievous a thing
To sleep the Winter's cold, white pall beneath—

If, in the end, the Father's loving smile
Shall waken us from out the lowly dust,
What matters the deep sleep we take the while?
These violets have filled my heart with trust!"

IN THE DUST.

WE toil from the rise to the set of the sun,
But the tasks of the earth-life never are done.
We lay our plans, but they fail us quite,
Our castles fall in a single night;
The days clasp hands with the days that are dead,
And still we never are comforted.
Our lives, O alas! are not what they seem—
We walk in a maze, for we live in a dream;
We hunger and thirst for what never may be,
We long as the bird of the air to be free;
But the shackles of Fate weigh us down to the dust,
The chain of our hopes is moth-eaten, and rust
Is wearing its way to our hearts' very core.
Alas, and alas! for the fond dreams of yore!
Hopes still allure us we never can grasp;
Hands of our loved ones slip out of our clasp;
The turf of the kirk-yard long Summers has laid
Over the beds that the Death-angel made—
Graves whose dark shadows we had not foreseen,
Us, and the sunlight, are looming between.
O me, and O me! but I long for the day
When the clouds that hang o'er us shall all roll away;
I long for the time when, life's ills being o'er,
The spirit shall hunger and thirst nevermore.

JUBILATE.

BREATHE, whispering winds, the glad refrain !

Sing, birds ! O sing in glee !

I hear her feet upon the plain,

Patter so merrily ;—

The fair young queen,

Whose robes of green

Trail wide upon the lea.

Go forth to meet her, little brook !

Kiss, kiss her dainty feet ;

Hie swiftly on through grassy nook,

And sing, " My sweet, my sweet !

Queen of the year,

We need thee here

To make our joy complete ! "

Wake from your sleep, O dreaming flowers !

How can you slumber now,

When Spring sends down her crystal showers,

And winds from south-lands blow ?

Wake, flowers, awake !

- And fern and brake,

Twine chaplets for her brow !

I F.

IF I could but subdue this wild unrest,

If I could think and dream no more of thee,

If I could still this voice within my breast,

Forgetting, dear, the sad reality—

That, severed by the cruel hand of Fate,
Our lives on earth can never blend as one ;
If, rather than these haunting words, " Too late ! "
My lips could only say, " Thy will be done ! "
I should be happier, I know—
I wish each dreary hour that it were so.

If hand of mine could curb the swooping wind,
If I could stay the sun upon his march,
If I could fashion chains wherewith to bind
The stars forever to the sun-lit arch—
Then, then, I might have hope to stay
This tide of love that spurns control,
And put thy wistful face away
From out the gallery of my soul.
But vain, so vain is my endeavor,
As I have loved, so will I love thee ever.

BORN TO-DAY.

AND still another bark set sail
Upon the waves of being ;
Though sunny calm or storm prevail,
Guard her, Thou great All-seeing.

Two dainty hands—I pray they may
Not fail in grand endeavor ;
Another precious soul to-day
Set out for the Forever.

Dear unshod feet, dear feet so small,
Just fashioned by the Graces ;
O Father, grant that they may fall
For aye in pleasant places !

The violet eyes e'en now have caught
The light and shadows flitting ;
Already on the throne of Thought
Bright Intellect is sitting.

We read to-day from page the first,
Beginning life's sweet story ;
And joy her viewless wings have burst
The swaddling-bands of glory.

That from our mother-heaven the wings
Of our best guardian angel,
Have borne to us the bird that sings
The songs of the Evangel.

And while we kiss the dainty mouth,
We sing, with hearts o'erflowing,
" O blow, ye winds, or north or south,
She shall not know you're blowing.

" Ye may not pipe at best so strong,
That ye have power to harm her—
The little dainty bird of song
Who dons to-day life's armor."

WAITING.

I KNOW it is Summer, but down in my heart
The frosts of the Winter-time do not depart ;
I know that the flowers are a-bloom on the plain,
That the dear, blue-eyed violets are with us again ;
That the birds have returned from the tropical land,
And in the green meadows the zephyrs are bland :
But I heed not the chorus of winds or of birds ;
I cannot interpret their beautiful words.
My heart only questions, " Why is it, my sweet,
That Summer should find me my joy incomplete ? "

Are you sleeping, my darling, and sleeping so long,
Your heart has forgotten Love's beautiful song ?
Are you dreaming, my sweetest, and never of me,
And ne'er of our hopes of the sweet yet-to-be ?
Has another one wooed you with rapturous song,
That your feet, O beloved, have tarried so long ?
Do other eyes lovingly look in your own,
And other lips whisper, " My beautiful one ! "
That Summer should come, in her bonnet of blue,
And find me still watching and waiting for you ?

AS WE MAKE IT.

I'VE seen some people in this life,
Who always are repining,
Who never, never yet could see
The storm-cloud's silver lining.

There always *something* is amiss,
From sunrise to its setting;
That God's hand made their map of life,
They seem the while forgetting.

And I have seen—a blessed sight
To sin-beclouded vision—
Some people, who, where'er they are,
Make earth seem an Elysian.
They always see the brightest side,
The direful shadows never,
And keep the flower of Hope in bloom
Within their hearts forever.

The one can make the sunniest day
Seem wondrous sad and dreary;
The other smiles the clouds away,
And makes a dark day cheery.
This life of ours *is*, after all,
About as we shall make it.
If you can vanquish grief and care,
Make haste to undertake it.

SUNLIGHT.

LIKE a holy benediction
The sunlight falleth down,
And on my brow it lieth,
A bright and golden crown.

With touch so warm and tender,
It seems like a caress
One loving me and trusting,
Would give with a "God bless!"

My heart has grown so joyful
Beneath its kindly kiss,
I question it—*is* Heaven
A fairer land than this?

W E D D E D .

HEART linked to heart in each noble endeavor,
Husband and wife,
We're adrift, O my sweet, on the beautiful river—
The River of Life.

The shore of my girlhood, far back in the distance,
Still I can see.
But thou art beside me, and seems my existence
A heaven to me.

The strong arm of Love has never yet failed me,
Never, dear heart!
Nor thy faith, O my darling, when censure assailed
me!
Life, when apart,

Loses its sweetness. Joy's radiant flowers
Bloom never for me,
As lonely I walk through the desolate hours,
Waiting for thee.

With Faith for the pilot, and Love to cast o'er us
The light of her smile,
The waves of the River of Life, yet before us,
Are sun-lit the while.

There is naught in the past that is worth the regret-
ting,
My darling ; instead,
Not a moment this hour we would fain be forget-
ting
Since we were wed.

I fear not the storm-clouds that hover around me,
Drifting with thee ;
For the spring-time and summer of life yet have
found thee
Faithful to me.

On, on to the shore of the blissful Forever,
Husband and wife,
Together we'll float down the beautiful river—
The River of Life.

WHAT OF MY LOVED ?

WHAT of my loved in the Land of the Leal ?
Star of the midnight, give answer to me !
Do they weep for the sorrows we earth-mortals feel,
And smile when we sing one glad anthem of glee ?

Are the sorrows forgot that o'erburdened them here,
In the joy that the turmoil forever is o'er?
Are the skies ever cloudless, the waves ever clear,
That roll by the sands of the Beautiful Shore?

I have thought in my dreams that I wandered to
them;
I have felt the warm clasp of their love-thrilling
hands,
As together we walked o'er the sapphires that gem
With lustre resplendent the gold-fretted sands.

The hearts were all loyal, the friends were all true,
That I found by the mystical, heavenly stream;
O, would that I never had wakened to rue
That my vision was only the sport of a dream!

I am thirsting to taste of the waters of bliss;
The kiss of my loved ones I'm longing to feel;
O, when shall I walk, from the shadows of this,
To the land of the faithful, the Land of the Leal?

AT NIGHT.

Out in the blue waves of the night,
I see the shining prow
Of the bright moon, whose oars of light
Just touch the mountain's brow,

Where, like a radiant, jeweled crown,
It seems the while to rest ;
Then, as the shades wing faster down,
Drifts out toward the west.

Some fairy sprite from Eden-land
Has passed awhile before,
And, dropping blossoms from her hand,
Has starred the heavens o'er ;
E'en now upon the shining pave
Her sandal'd feet resound ;
Her garments rustling in the nave
Above makes sweetest sound.

Below, the winds have, for the while,
Folded their wings in rest ;
No one this hour can them beguile,
Beckon they east or west ;
For they are weary with the long
And swift march of the day,
And have, while they have hushed their song,
Their viols laid away.

O'er the horizon's hazy bar,
Wrapped in her robes of light,
I see the trembling Evening Star—
The warden of the night ;
And, 'mong the cloud-ships sailing higher,
The bright oars of the moon
Flash in and out, like tongues of fire,
As nears the midnight's noon.

When on Great Nature's master-lute,
Night's fingers thus are pressed,
The very soul of Song grows mute
With ecstasy and rest.
For, more than in the garish day,
The bow of faith is given ;—
God's finger, pointing out the way,
Through starry gates, to Heaven.

DELUSION.

AND the years that are gone, like the sands on the
shore
Of a river whereon we once wandered of yore,
Are swept from our reach, and beyond our recall.
O my friend, let the footsteps of Memory fall
Lightly and lovingly, where you and I
Dreamed in the past of the sweet by and by !
Where are the hopes of those dreamers now gone ?
One, in the shadows, is sitting alone,
Waiting the time till the death-angel's wing
From the land of Beulah a message shall bring :
Bright is *his* grave, for the jewels of tears
Love has been dropping there through the long
years.
Blue as his eyes are the violets that grow
Over his bosom. Dear friend, do you know,
Sometimes I think, as I stand by his bed,
That he whom I loved, and so mourn, is not dead ?

For often and often, I start in surprise,
Foolishly thinking I look in his eyes ;
And I smile when I think I had fancied him dead,
When he all the while had but pillowed his head
On the green lap of Nature, a dreamer, and so
He awakes with his dear eyes with love all aglow.
The beautiful fancy I cannot resist ;
And often, so often I've lovingly kissed
The violets growing here close to my feet,
Saying, " O joy, thou hast wakened my sweet ! "
Ah, a blissful delusion my fancy but led !
He is dead, do you know ; O my friend, he is dead !
Gone are the dreams of the sweet by and by—
I call to my love, but he makes no reply.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

WHERE the star lamps aquiver hang high o'er the
river,

A lone woman stands,
As though interceding—to the good Father plead-
ing—

Outstretched are her hands.
So near the dark valley, where the pale legions
rally,

To ferry her o'er :
From the fret of life fleeing, the dark shadows
seeing,
Just flitting before.

With a smile reassuring, a voice so alluring,
One wooed her,—ah, well !
'Tis the same old story ; in her youth's bloom and
glory

She listened—and fell !
As the world turned its shoulder, in shame she grew
bolder

And bolder, until
Her crimes—they were many—the vilest of any,
She sinned at her will.

A creature of pleasure, she filled up the measure
Of life without heed
Of the still voice within her, who, yet for the sinner
Did oft intercede.

So passed the years by her, her only desire
To revel in sin ;
She forgot that she ever had other endeavor—
This poor Magdalen !

Her fickle friends left her, when sin had bereft her
Of beauty and grace ;
And to-day not a vestige doth tell of its prestige
Of form or of face.

A cloud-ship fast sailing, the moon's face is veiling—
How the waves are astir !
Ah ! that cry ; it is human : " Help ! help for the
woman,
Ere they close over her ! "

The stars look with pity from over the city,
The night bird shrieks forth ;

While the Great Golden Dipper, we call Ursa Major,
Drops low in the North.
Unwept and unshrived, O the life that she lived !
Let us haste from the spot !
Since the waves have carèssed her, the pain that
oppressed her,
The woman heeds not.

DROWNED.

FOUND in the river! I stop with a shiver
Of horror and dread !
Somebody's daughter, drawn up from the water,
Pallid and dead.

Life's hot, restless fever, not long since did leave
her;
Her sins—at the best
She remembers them not—gives them never a
thought :
Ay, let them rest !

With thousands to blame her, and none to reclaim
her,
What wonder Despair
Led her down to the river? The kindly Peace
Giver
Has answered her prayer.

For her sake who bore her, lay the warm mantle
o'er her

Of pity and love ;
(Too late to befriend her) ; God's mercy attend her,
Storm-beaten dove.

Lay a flower on her bosom, a poor withered blossom,
Like her, now at rest ;
For her white brow so chilly, no rose bring, or lily—
The cypress is best.

The coffin's dark cover the fair face lay over,
Hiding within
All that is human the while of the woman,
Poor Magdalen !

So weak and so sinning, her deep shame beginning
Far back in the years :
Though ye know not, nor love her, drop kindly
above her
The tribute of tears.

Tears for a sinner, though too late to win her
From death or from shame :
Nor lay in the casket—for the Lamb's sake I ask it—
With her all the blame.

For the dear sake of Jesus the Saviour, who sees us
To error so prone,
So weak and so human, O blame not the woman—
The woman alone.

Deceit 'twas that lured her ; her fond heart assured
her

He spoke only truth,
Whose hand stole the blossom of peace from her
bosom

Far back in her youth.

O'er the dusky eyes' splendor, once love-lit and
tender,

Death's curtain drops low.
Saved now from all error, forgetting death's terror,
And happier so.

Lay the grave's grassy cover so kindly above her,
Life's short story read :—
Somebody's daughter, drawn up from the water,
Pallid and dead.

ALL I ASK.

You are learning to forget me !
In your eyes I see the sign
That the heart I long have worshiped,
Is no longer, longer mine.

You are learning to forget me !
Oh, my darling, how can I
See the love that made my heaven,
Drift me—ever drift me by ?

You are learning to forget me,
But it is no easy task ;
Hide my face, O Earth, my Mother,
Let me die—'tis all I ask.

ONE DAY.

A dainty brook whose sandals' sheen
Was edged about with fringe of green,
With jeweled pendants hung between ;

A meadow lying half in sun,
With elm-trees growing thick upon,
And a green forest further on—

All made a picture fair to see ;
None of a truth could brighter be
Than that sweet June-day showed to me.

And as beneath the grateful shade,
Upon the carpet Nature made,
The while my wearied head I laid,

I heard the brooklet crooning sweet,
Its dainty rhythm at my feet,
And felt my heart with joy complete.

Blue as the far and shining skies,
My own looked into violets' eyes ;
Those sweet, sweet flowers of angel guise.

The daisies 'side me had unrolled
Their sheeny curtains, fold on fold
Of spotless white, all fringed with gold,

And lilies tossed their red caps high,
As through the grass the wind swept by ;
And on the air so musically

I heard the trill of many birds,
Hymning quaint hymns not set to words—
The sweet, glad song of wild-wood birds.

I almost heard the tinkle of
The blue-bells in the distant grove—
A *Te Deum* of peace and love.

Fast went the moments, one by one,
Like golden sands too swiftly run,
And lower, lower sank the sun.

Like a great pendulum it hung,
The fleecy, western clouds among,
Then down 'neath the horizon swung.

Swung out of sight, and came the Night,
Turning the shining key of light,
To lock the golden door so bright.

And yet, the glory of that day
Has never faded quite away.
Still often to myself I say,

That time, from out His diadem,
God's hand did drop the brightest gem.
In Nature's shining raiment's hem,

No fairer stitch was ever set!
The day is dead, and yet, and yet,
Its glory I shall ne'er forget.

AGED TWENTY YEARS.

TWICE the Winter-time has folded
His white mantle o'er her breast,
Since, beneath the Autumn grasses,
We laid Katharine to rest.

Twice the swift feet of the Summer,
Brightly shod with emerald,
Have walked past, while she's been dwelling
In the far, Celestial World.

Two sweet Spring-times, with their tresses
Studded thick with starry flowers,
Have come to us and departed.
Even as that friend of ours.

In their chariots of glory,
Autumns twain by us have rolled,
Since we fashioned her low pillow
'Neath the maple's leaves of gold.

Still she sleeps, the while unheeding
Summer's rain, or sorrow's tears—
She whose tomb bears this inscription,
"Katharine, Aged Twenty Years."

DRIFTING SEAWARD.

DRIFTING seaward, from the shore,
I shall touch, ah ! nevermore.
Daily, of a very truth,
Further from the verge of youth.
We will take a backward glance
O'er its beautiful expanse.
Green Youth's bowers were, and fair,
But a Nemesis was there,
One who would not let me stay,
Every night and every day
Whispering like the voice of doom ;
"Leave the beauty, leave the bloom ;
Not for thee the opening rose,
Not for thee the sweet repose,
That thou hungerest for, ah no !
Down the tide thy boat must go."
Spring's bright borders long since past,
Drifting seaward, O, so fast ;
Drifting further from the shore,
I shall touch, ah, nevermore !

Drifting, drifting on the tide ;
Youth, and bloom, and all beside,

*
That made life so bright and fair,
O, my heart, now vanished—where?
Ever now before my eyes
Clouds loom high, and mists arise;
And the cruel, chilling blast,
On my dusky locks has cast
Threads of white, to testify
All too plain, alas! that I,
Drifting out into the cold,
O, so fast, am growing old.
What is there to ease my pain?
Knowing I shall ne'er again
See the flower of Youth for me
Growing on life's blighted tree!
Chide me not, because I weep,
Drifting out upon the deep!
Chilling storms about me wage,
Drifting seaward to Old Age!

IN FAITH.

I SAID of life—I will be brave
To meet whatever may betide!
My heart, we will be satisfied,
And never be to grief a slave!

Its paths, I know, are at the best
Bestrewn with thorns, and hedged about
With weeds of woe; but shall we doubt,
And be of joy thus dispossessed?

Nay, nay ! If still from day to day
I cannot see the light, I will
Be patient, or at least until
Mine eyes can see the Better Way.

And so my heart is brave, and has
Full many a victory achieved ;
Not as the dotard have I grieved,
For hopes that never came to pass.

But on, and on, and further on
Each day toward the end destined,
In faith I walk, and still do find
Some hope to cheer, from sun to sun.

The seasons pass me while I weave
My wreath of hope, and come not back ;
One after one adown Time's track,
Go out of sight ; still I believe

My life is better as it is,
Than as my fancy may dictate ;
Were I to quarrel thus with Fate,
Life's greatest joy my heart would miss.

For all of life that *is* the best,
In sweet contentment may be found ;
And I have walked on better ground
Than you perhaps have ever guessed.

If one should come to me and say,
" Why are you thus so well content ?

God in His mercy surely meant
To have you walk another way ! ”

Yet would I with this hope abide,
And will I to this faith adhere,
Knowing that so year after year,
I shall not be dissatisfied.

NEVER GIVE UP.

NEVER give up, and sit down in despair,
Saying, “ ’Tis no use to try ! ”
The clouds never lowered so darkly, but there
Would be sunshine and light by and by.
Never give up. If you do, you are lost
In the mazes of sorrow’s long night.
Keep your heart cheerful, whatever the cost ;
Keep your eyes looking the while for the light.

Never give up, though Fate do her worst ;
Did you ever yet know of a day
That the night did not herald with darkness at first,
And the darkness did not roll away ?
Never give up, and you fight the good fight—
Of you none shall say, “ He is lost ! ”
Keep your eyes looking the while for the light ;
Keep your heart cheerful, whatever the cost.

SUMMER.

THE pen of Summer, diamond-tipped,
Has busy been day after day,
As one by one the hours have slipped
Their beads upon Time's rosary.
A few more days will tell them all—
Her last sweet song will soon be penned ;
As Summer verges close to Fall,
The book is verging toward the end.

Such beauteous songs of flowers and birds,
Of leafy woods and babbling brooks,
As she has fashioned in quaint words,
In this her choicest of all books.
Her choicest of all books, I say,
Because no summer gone before
Has been so prized, day after day,
My heart was fain to live it o'er.

The truest Poet Nature is—
Hour after hour her skillful pen
Thrills us to that ecstatic bliss,
We never find in songs of men.
Bound in the sky's own dainty blue,
Each song a song of perfectness,
Year after year, a volume new
Is issued from her busy Press.
This, slipping now from Nature's grasp,
With rhyme and rhythm is so sweet,
It only needs the golden clasp
Of Autumn-time to be complete.

THE OLD BARN ON THE GREEN.

WANDERING back through Memory's mazes,
Down the circuit of the years,
Standing there among the daisies,
The old barn its roof uprears,
Where, in Childhood's halcyon moments,
I was chosen for your queen—
'Neath the cobwebbed, old brown rafters,
Of the barn upon the green.

Though my throne was but a barrel,
And my carpet but a bag,
And my jewels—ah ! old playmate,
Of them *now* we will not brag—
Though you'll grant those self-same jewels
Wore I with a royal mien,
When I played I was your sovereign,
In the barn upon the green.

What a band of bright-eyed subjects
Had I in the golden noon !
It did always seem the master
Rung his bell an hour too soon ;
Though, at one o'clock precisely,
We together could be seen
Trooping through the half-oped doorway
Of the old barn on the green.

Those were happy days, old playmate ;
But the years have left no trace

Of the pleasure of those moments
On my wan, care-wrinkled face,
Still I love, through Memory's mazes,
On the arm of Thought to lean,
And go back among the daisies,
To the old barn on the green.

To the days when, little children,
We had never known a care—
Ere the hand of Grief had scattered
White snow-flakes among our hair.
And I'm thinking, dear old playmate,
Walking o'er the bridge between,
That we spent our happiest moments
In that old barn on the green.

THE BABY.

VIOLET eyes blinking
And looking so bright ;
Of what are you thinking,
I wonder, to-night ?

How very demurely
You look in my eyes,
An angel you're surely,
Affecting disguise.

One week, little mortal—
One week and a day

Since through Heaven's portal
You wandered earth-way.

Our hearts were so lonely,
No charm could beguile ;
But now if you only
Will tarry awhile—

Will list to our pleading
To stay in the nest,
Our hearts in the Eden
Of rapture will rest.

Hopes many are centered
This fair casket in—
The baby just entered
Earth's valley of sin.

O, when God is counting
His flock in the end,
When her feet up the mountain
Of Life do ascend—

May the soul find the portal
It winged from the morn
This little, wee mortal,
Our baby, was born.

A PICTURE FROM NATURE.

THE pines all shiver with unrest,
As solemnly and slow,
The golden archer journeying west,
Lays down his unstrung bow.
The last, bright arrow even now,
Unerring in its flight,
Has pierced the towering mountain's brow,
That sentineled the Night.

Within her chamber dark and dun
I hear her coming tread,
As her fair handmaids, one by one,
Their gems before her spread.
Around her form a garment rare
With 'broidery they fold,
And in her flowing, dusky hair,
They twine their bands of gold.

See, how her royal tiara gleams,
As skyward now we gaze;
So thick the gems are strewn it seems
Her locks are all ablaze;
While, high up in the zenith swings
The bright lyre of the moon,
The night-winds toying with its strings,
All golden, and in tune.

Hushed into awe the while I stand,
And feed my vision on

The picture which the skillful hand
Of Nature here has drawn.
The Master Artist of the world,
Whose canvas wide is spread
In earth, and ocean waves unfurled,
And the sky's blue scroll o'erhead.

THE OLD MILL OF AUSTEND.

It is a quaint old mill, low set
Upon the water's edge,
Whose languid motion scarce will let
Its breastwork touch the sedge
That hangs-its tasseled curtains out,
Where, turning in, and slow about,
The weather-beaten wheel all day
Goes over in its humdrum way.

Beneath the low-browed, mossy roof,
The spider has her nest ;
Here she has spun her warp and woof,
'Till the brown beams are dressed
In gossamer-like tapestry,—
Like silver net-work 'tis to see—
Unbroken, save where here and there
The swallow's wings have cleft the air.

The miller is an old man now,
And white as winter snow
The hair upon his furrowed brow.
His threescore years and two,

He wears like one who sorrows much,
One who has felt the cruel touch
Of grief so long, he knows not when
He's felt, at heart, like other men.

Once, in the years now buried long,
A bright-eyed wife he had ;
And children three, with songs of glee,
Made the old homestead glad.
So fair their young brows were to see,
So merry were their songs of glee ;
The days were psalms from sun to sun,
Alas ! where are they, every one ?

Between the mill and the lone cot,
Fenced in with tender care,
There is to him earth's dearest spot,
For she is sleeping there,
Who made those days of manhood's prime
Seem like a golden summer time ;
And all around on every side
Slumber the lambkins who have died.

The miller's eyes are bleared and dim,
And all too well I know,
The wheel of life ere long, for him
Will cease to turn below.
Each day his step is slower grown,
(One day the less to walk alone,)
God soon will answer his one prayer,
" O let me of their rapture share."

When stranger hands are at the wheel;
When, through her filmy lace
The spider sees the sunlight steal,
Missing the while his face;
When at the foot of yonder slope,
The grave's dark door for him shall ope',
The happiest moment will be here
The miller's known for many a year.

ABOVE ALL PRICE.

A PEARL above all price it is,
And yet we all may it possess;
To the great lock of Happiness,
It is, we willingly confess,
The only Key; yet, strange to say,
With eyes to earthly vision clear,
We pass it by day after day,
Week in and out, year after year.

Grown rusty with its long disuse,
We even throw the lock away
As useless quite, and, seeming, choose
To walk within the shadowed way;
When side by side, or parallel
With it, there is a sunny track,—
One bright as Heaven, one dark as Hell!
We choose amiss, oft looking back

And chiding Fate for faithlessness,
When we alone have been to blame;
This wondrous Key to Happiness,
Of a sweet truth doth have a name,
A name, and what a world of thought
In these two simple words is meant;
By God's own skillful fingers wrought,
Angels have named it, BE CONTENT.

BE CONTENT.

Be content, what'er betide,
While you dwell in earthly land,
Thankful be, though little the
Manna reached you from God's hand.

Do not doubt His boundless love,
Thinking that your share is small,
He who feeds the raven's needs,
Surely has enough for all.

Be content, for only then
Will you find the fount of Peace,
And your lips will frame the song
That shall never, never cease.

Be no idler in the field,
Be no laggard in the strife,
Act, and with your every deed
Show how grand a thing is life.

What you planned to do to-day,
 Let the night not find undone ;
 Show how much your hand can do
 From the rise to set of sun.

In the vineyard of our King
 There is always work to do ;
Not to throw the days away,
 Were they given unto you.

With a grateful heart accept
 All the blessings He has sent ;
 In the shining spring of Peace
 Lies the jewel of Content.

And whate'er may seem a loss,
 (As we see through sorrow's eyes,)
 All the griefs we have to bear
Are but blessings in disguise.

IRREVOCABLE.

It was not you that I have loved,
 But what I thought you were ;
 Truth always proves a faithful friend,
 And in the sepulchre
 So-called Forgetfulness, I've laid
 My shattered faith away.
 Ah, me ! to find my idol was
 The coarsest kind of clay.

And I have in my foolish heart
Called you my love, and king ;
E'en most had put my fetters on,
Clasped with a marriage ring.
Though my good angel stood anear,
Had given my trothal vow,—
But that is past—not e'en a tear
Have I to give you now !

Go, false one, for the world is wide,
And drift away, away !
I will not say, " Would I had died
Instead of this to-day ! "
For I have learned at Wisdom's fount
What seemed like gold, was dross ;
What seems my gain, I cannot count
In no wise as a loss.

THE VOICE OF THE WINDS.

THE wind came up from the east, to-day,
And it sang me a tender song
Of the home of my childhood, far away,
That I left in the years a-long ;
Of the lilac-trees, with their purple plumes,
And the jasmine over the door,
That used to sink, 'neath its many blooms,
Low down to the sanded floor.

It sang of a chamber, nine by ten,
Where the apple-blooms fell in showers,

In the sweet, sweet time of the dead past, when
Earth seemed but a vale of flowers.
Of a dark-eyed girl, with her soul aglo'
With the deathless fire of song ;
Of the dreams I dreamed in the long ago—
God pity me, O, how long !

It sang of a school-house, old and brown ;
Of a hundred heads bowed low,
As the teacher evoked a blessing down
On his flock in the years ago.
Of a merry group of laughing girls,
Who never had known a care
Above the hang of their silken curls,
Or the braids of their shining hair.

It sang of the chestnut's kindly shade,
Of the joyous, gleeful shout ;
Of the glad halloo ! and the loud din made
By the boys, when the school was out.
The merry boys of the olden days
Are grown into stalwart men,
And scattered half a hundred ways
Are the girls that I loved so then.

Some sit in their pleasant Inglenook
E'en now, while the east winds blow ;
Stately and fair, but they do not look
Like the girls of the long ago.
The floating curls have been brushed away
From over the thoughtful eyes,

And in their meshes perchance a stray
White thread from Time's shuttle lies,

Now the winds lull down to a sad refrain,
And my heart stands still to hear,
For it tells of those who so long have lain
Low down with the flowers a-near.
Of dear eyes closed in their dreamless sleep,
And the white hands clasped for aye,
Of our "loved and lost," but we do not weep
For the dead alone to-day.

There were promises made, but, alas ! not kept ;
And eyes that we thought so bright,
The tear-stained lids have so often swept,
As to rob of their olden light.
And the lips which never had known a song
But one as glad as a bird's in June,
Have blanched 'neath the anguished cry, "How
long !"
Their hearts and their hopes all out of tune.

But, forgetting all this, I love to think
Of them best, as I knew them when
There never was e'en one missing link
That had dropped from Affection's chain.
Of the days, when, a joyous-hearted girl,
I never had known a care
Above the hang of a silken curl,
Or the braids of my shining hair.

A LOVE IDYL.

FAIR was the earth, and blue the sky,
A field of bloom the purple heather,
As, listening to the lullaby
Of the south wind, we walked together.
Her dainty hand within my own
Lay like a captured bird aflutter ;
I bent to hear, so low her tone,
The words her heart bade her to utter.

In answer to my lover's plea,
And, to my heart's so truthful story,
I looked, her fair, sweet face to see,
And it was flooded o'er with glory.
The white lids o'er the tender light
Within her eyes dropped like a curtain,
But not before, with love's delight,
I knew my earthly bliss was certain.

SOLD.

THEY mock me to madness, these white robes I wear ;
I am drunken with anguish, am crazed with despair.

On my forehead is branded the awful word, "Sold !"
I faint 'neath my fetters—my fetters of gold.

Peace, honor, and all that made life a psalm,
These, these I have lost—what a coward I am—

Dreading the gaze of *his* worshiping eyes
That look into mine still with love's sweet surprise ;

Dreading the gaze of the bright, smiling crowd,
And wishing these white robes instead were my
shroud.

Never had woman so hopeless a task ;
Can I hide all my woe with a smile-borrowed mask ?

Among the swift dancers, he moves like a ghost,
He who, God forgive me, my heart loves the most.

I dare not, I dare not look into his eyes,
When my soul is so stained with these horrible lies.

I dare not, I dare not for one moment think
Of the cup I have raised to my own lips to drink.

He is coming, is coming, this bridegroom of mine ;
God ! how the gems in my fetters do shine !

How the jewels that hold this white veil in its place
Throw the red fire of shame all the while on my face.

How they writhe in my tresses, and torture my brain ;
Shall I ever, I wonder, know Peace once again ?

IN TIME.

THE sun will rise, and from the skies
Bright arrows from his quiver
Day after day will wing their way
O'er valley, mount, and river.

Flowers will bloom, their rare perfume
Filling the air with sweetness ;
Chime after chime, the bells of Time
Will ring the year's completeness.

Undimmed and bright, the stars of night
Will broider all the ether,
Till, as a scroll, God's hand shall roll
The sea and land together.

One after one, till Time is done
His golden cycles swinging,
The seasons all shall at his call
Pass by, another bringing.

Not so when we shall reach the sea,
Beyond Death's darksome river ;
From that blest clime no sweep of Time
Shall bear us back forever.

And yet—O, strange ! no sign of change
Will tell the New Years whither
The forms that moved, and lived, and loved,
And shared their joys together

Have vanished to. Our earth adieu
Not long the time will sadden ;
New hopes will rise, and other eyes
Old Mother Earth will gladden.

But in the land so fair and bland,
(Only across the river,)
We shall find rest, and haply blest
Know no more pain forever.

GRACE-A-DIEU.

I HAVE been deaf, but now I hear—
Love has within my breast
Told her sweet story, and I am
O, most supremely blest.
Such rhapsody did never fall
Before on mortal ear ;
I have been deaf through all my days,
But now, thank God, I hear.

I have been blind—so very blind,
The hand I could not see,
Which has, in constant love and trust,
Been outstretched unto me.
Such a bright star above the path
Where I have walked I find—
I see the glory of it now,
I, who so long was blind.

I have been dumb, and could not speak,
For knowing not Love's lore.
Now I have learned it, dearest, and
I will be dumb no more.
The glory of a hundred springs
Seem ever now in view,
Since I learned what you are to me,
And what I am to you.

STEPPING-STONES TO GOD.

ITS tender leaves some careless hand
Had rudely covered o'er;
"It must be dead," I said; "I shall
Behold it now no more."
But lo! when many days had passed
A green leaf pierced the sod;
It struggled through, and bravely grew,
Still higher toward God.

"So like to Christian Faith," I said;
Though trodden in the dust
By sorrow's heel, we can but feel
The Father still is just.
We climb upon the rounds of Prayer.
And, where we shrinking trod,
We now know was through Nature's laws,
But stepping-stones to God.

THOUGHTS AT NIGHT.

SLOWLY now the clouds of amber
O'er the blue hills roll away,
As the feet of Night-time clamber
Higher up the stairs of Day.
While I'm sitting, so uncertain
What the morn will bring to me,
She has hung her dusky curtain
O'er the valley, moor, and lea.

High above the fields of vapor,
Like a glowing beacon-fire
Venus lights her nightly taper;
Than the fleecy clouds yet higher,
Jupiter is proudly sitting
On his skyey, golden throne,
Where the myriad stars are flitting
Round about the kingly one.

White ships see I on the ocean;
Shored about with green-capped hills,
Sailing out in wild commotion,
As the wind their canvas fills.
While afar upon the mountain
Walks the Spirit of the Dew,
With her jeweled fingers counting
The bright beads that slip them through.

Gazing on the stars that twinkle
High within the zenith's nave,

I can almost hear the tinkle
Of their footsteps on the pave
Leading to the streets immortal,
Stretching, O, so far away,
Into which, through some star-portal,
I perchance shall walk some day.

When Death's night comes, and its tidal
Wave is sweeping over me,
When these busy hands are idle,
And this pulse shall silent be—
May some bright-eyed angel-warden
Back the shining gate-way roll,
'Till I step across the Jordan
Of an earth-o'erwearied soul.

I would have the stars all beaming
Just as brightly as to-night,
When I waken from life's dreaming.
In the land of peace and light,
I would have the summer glory
Just as bright o'er mount and lea,
When Death shall his pleasing story
Lowly whisper unto me.

Nay, my friend, not in the garish
Light of any earthly day,
But when those I love and cherish
Stand beside me, I can say,
Lo, the stars are all at vesper;
While their bright lamps are aglo'
Angel voices to me whisper,
Now it is that I would go !

'NEATH THE BAN OF THE YEARS.

THAT this world is a world of sorrow
I have heard, aye, time and again,
Why can we not look on the morrow
Through sunshine as well as through rain?

Admitting 'tis so in all seeming—
That the false *are* allied to the true,
Shall we spend all our moments in dreaming,
As though we had nothing to do!

Admitting it is full of losses—
Of sorrow, of grief, and of care—
Still the bright thread of Hope often crosses
The sombre-hued one of Despair.

And the world, after all, is as kindly
As ever an earth-friend can be;
'Tis but to the ones who walk blindly—
Who are too impatient to see

The light as it slowly is dawning;
Who wake in the depths of the night,
And cry, like a child, for the morning
To come in its garment of light—

These only, I say, with compassion
For all of their folly and sin,
A pathway of briers do fashion,
And blindly do wander therein.

As the day comes the dreary night after,
As Happiness walks close to Care,
So comes to us moments of laughter
To vanquish the ghost of Despair,

And Happiness is for the choosing,
Joy somewhere on earth we may find;
The ones, who, continually losing,
Are always the ones who are blind.

Let us banish the doubts that oppress us;
Let us sorrow no longer in tears;
There is much still to comfort and bless us,
As we walk 'neath the ban of the years.

SUNSET ON LAKE COMO.

BEHIND the hills the sun had set,
Tho' much of beauty lingered yet;
The western sky was still aflush
With sunset's half unconscious blush:
Crimson and purple, fold on fold
Of ambient tints and burnished gold,
Reflected in the Lake below,
Made all its crystal waters glow,
Until they seemed a heaving mass
Of jewels in a sea of glass.

The winds in restful slumber lay;
The cricket chirped not far away;

The bul-bul sat with folded wing
High in the larch, and would not sing;
And ah ! methinks that beauteous night,
The glory of the Infinite
Shone out of heaven to show me
How fair that other country be.

Methought I saw bright angels, shod
With sapphire, going up to God.
I saw their brows of shining light,
And heard their harping ; ah, that night
I seemed a brief half hour to be
Anear that glorious, bright city,
Whose shining streets, so grandly fair,
Lie in the fields of upper air.

Her dusky curtain ere the night
Had hung upon the wall of light,
My soul was drunken with the bliss
Half of that world, and half of this,
And, kneeling there, in prayer, I said,
“ Not night, it is the dawn instead !
The dawn of glory that exceeds
By far my most expectant needs.”

ALL THAT IS LEFT.

A DASH of rain on the window-pane,
The sob of the solemn sea,
And the beautiful Past—too fair to last,
Comes back like a-ghost to me.
With a weird-like tramp through the Day's white
camp,
It comes to my heart and knocks;
And the Key of Thought, by Remembrance wrought,
Its wondrous door unlocks.

O the hopes that are gone—that have drifted on,
And over the sea of Fate!
O the joys gone by with that desolate cry,
The saddest of all—"Too late."
On the shore of the Lost, wrecks ruthlessly tossed,
Is all that is left to me,
Of the dreams that I dreamed, and the star that
gleamed
Once out of the sweet "To be."

THE SHOES THAT NELLIE WORE.

I HELD them in my clasp to-day,
With many a tearful sigh,
Those dear mementoes laid away
Of happier days gone by.

O oftentimes these little shoes
Have pattered on my floor ;
But ah ! my Nellie's feet have use
For them now nevermore !

And so they've empty lain, while Time
Has numbered summers seven ;
She had no need of them to climb
The sunny slopes to Heaven,
For, when Death with a ruthless hand,
For pillage sought our bower,
An angel from the Better Land
Gathered the beauteous flower.

Upon his loving breast he laid
Our little dainty blossom,
And she, I know, was not afraid
To nestle in his bosom.
For, while his wings the miles of space
Did cleave in upward flight,
The smile that lay upon her face,
Mirrored her soul's delight.

O little empty shoes, although
Our Nellie's precious feet
Shall never come and never go
Adown the village street—
When school is out, and home again
My little ones do come,
I say, " O heart ! shouldst thou complain ?
She is the *first* one HOME ! "

But, when at night my darlings kneel
Beside my knee in prayer,
How can my mother-heart but feel
That Nellie *should* be there.
And when I count each shining head,
One, two, three, four, and five,
I say, "There had been *six* instead,
If Nellie were alive!"

And when I put the five small pairs
Of shoes all in a row,
When each dear lip has framed its prayers,
I tearfully will go
To her closed drawer, and turn the key,
To see in the same place,
The little shoes that speak to me
Of a long absent face.

O, little empty shoes half worn,
Just as they slipped her feet;
She will not need them night or morn,
To walk the golden street.
For sandaled with the purest pearl,
And soled with chrysolite,
By Jesus' side, our little girl
That died is safe to-night.

DO YOUR BEST.

WHAT though oft you're faint and weary,
 'Neath the burden that you bear,
And life, dark, and sad, and dreary,
 Seems a desert everywhere.
If the days when Joy attended,
 Are to you forever o'er,
God has surely you befriended ;—
 Do your best, He asks no more.

Somewhere is the sun yet shining,
 O so bright, and still for you ;
Somewhere 'mid the cloud's dark lining
 Golden sunbeams struggle through.
Never yet had human sorrow
 Power to close for aye Hope's door ;
With a brave heart for the morrow,
 Do your best, God asks no more.

Do not spend days He has given
 In bewailing fancied loss,
Ere the crown be won for Heaven,
 You must humbly bear the cross.
Even though dear ones without you
 To the Leal-land go before,
God's strong arm is still about you,
 Do your best, He asks no more.

Though the world your course may censure,
 Still your onward path pursue :

He who never dares to venture
In life's work can nothing do.
Even though the Past can never
Your lost dreams of bliss restore,
Make at least the grand endeavor
To do right, God asks no more.

THE RETURN.

OUT from the city's noisy din
My footsteps have been led,
And I to-day am walking in
The paths I used to tread.

I hear the rain of Autumn beat
Upon the old roof-tree,
As did it in the dead days, sweet
As but dead days can be.

But O, so changed the olden home;
Across the dear old floor
The feet will never go and come:
That came to me of yore.

I list for voices soft and low
As coo of Summer birds,
But well, alas! too well I know
That they are done with words.

I only hear amid the eaves
The swallow's plaintive call ;
A lonely robin sits and grieves
Beside me—that is all.

Adown the grass-grown walk I go,
With slow and solemn tread,
With tearful eyes, and head bent low,
As following the dead.

In grave procession on before
My boyhood's hopes I see,
And, leading to the old home door,
They there depart from me.

For lo ! there is no voice or sound
To cheer the wanderer's heart ;
Grave silence reigns, and so profound,
My tears unbidden start.

Mother is dead—that I have heard ;
Will sleeps in Italy.
It must be long years since a word
They can have heard from me.

And in that time O God ! but War
Has walked with direful tread
Throughout the land ! My brothers—are
They with the army dead ?

Upon the well-worn sill I stand,
And, faster than of yore,
My heart beats as with trembling hand
I open wide the door.

A man whose locks are white as snow
Looks up with eyes askance ;
Ah, brother Tom ! do I not know
You at the first swift glance ?

And there we stood, I bronzed and gray,
And Tom—he could not speak,
But in the same old loving way,
He bent and kissed my cheek.

Kneeling with his dark eyes upraised,
And full of joyful tears,
He cried, “ O Jasper, God be praised !
After so many years ! ”

Then hand in hand we sat us down,
And on the moments flew ;
The night looked in with sombre frown,
And there we sat—we two.

Sitting within the shadows there,
How could I question him ?
Once I half whispered, “ O Tom—where,”—
With tears my eyes abrim.

He left me for a moment then,
And with a trembling hand
Gave me a package—"They were men!"
Said I, "I understand!"

O me! it needed not the stain
Of crimson to tell me
That James was 'mong the army slain,
"But Charley—where is he?"

"His was by far a sadder fate,"
My brother Tom then said.
"Ah! his reprieve it came too late!
One of the Libbey dead

We say of him! "O God," I said,
"How fares it with the other?"
Tom laid his hand upon my head,
Saying—"Have courage, brother,

To hear the rest. Our John, you know,
A hero ever was,
And O, it was a gallant blow
He struck in the good cause.

He did not deem the sacrifice
Too great, believe me, brother.
His good right arm did not suffice
To ever strike another.

He fell at Antietam, where
So many eyes grew dim."
"And father," said I, "do not spare
My heart—and what of him?"

"Ah, Jasper, is there need to tell?
He bore a martyr's part,
And bore it bravely, but—ah well!
At last it broke his heart."

The stars came out and solemnly
The lattice pane looked through,
And found us sitting—Tom and I,
For aye alone—we two.

GRANDMOTHER VANE.

GRANDMOTHER VANE in the firelight is sitting,
But her thoughts are away in the beautiful past.
Visions of gladness before her are flitting,
Visions by Memory's firelight o'ercast.
Ah! it's many a day since I've seen her so smiling,
Beautiful pictures indeed she must see;
Thoughts that her heart from the Now is beguiling,
And in fancy, again she is Isabel Lee.

Dropped from her knitting her white hands are idle,
Backward, far backward, Thought's footsteps are
led;
Again she is plaiting her hair for her bridal,
Just as *he* loved it,—white roses instead

Of rich orange blossoms she twines in its meshes,
For her dress it is simple, her kirtle is plain ;
Glad tears for the moment bejewel the lashes
That droop o'er the blue eyes of Grandmother
Vane.

A tremulous "I will !" by the inglenook spoken,
A promise to honor, to love, and obey ;
By deed or by thought has never been broken
The vows that she plighted that blossoming May.
Down through the years where love's sun shone in
splendor,
Hand clasping his, she is walking again,
(Ne'er was a lover more loyal and tender
Than he who is waiting for Grandmother Vane).

Then love's tree at her feet dropped a beautiful blossom,
And again, and again, until sunny heads seven,
One after another, were laid on her bosom,—
(Three budded on earth but to blossom in Heaven.)
Now into the eyes of the pale watcher waiting,
Cometh the mist from the river of Pain,
Tears which the full tide of joy was belating,
Drop from the dear eyes of Grandmother Vane.

Three boys of the flock grew to manhood's estate,
John, William, and Joseph, and noble men, too,
Then "the flower of the valley," their sunny-eyed
Kate,
The doorway of womanhood softly passed through.

Eyes like the violets down in the ledges,
Spirit so lovely, to know her was gain ;
Heart like the song of wild birds in the hedges,
Such was the daughter of Grandmother Vane.

Alas, and alas ! for the hope-promise given
Of a long life before her ; with daisies o'ergrown
Is her bed in the valley. " Kate, aged twenty-seven,"
Sums it all up on the moss-covered stone.
Often, and often, that grave has been watered
With drops that were never the dew, nor yet rain ;
Year after year bright flowers have been scattered
There by the dear hands of Grandmother Vane.

And there close beside her is Grandfather sleeping,
He, who has gone to Beulah before.
Here, in the firelight, her watch she is keeping
Till her hand clasps the hand of her darling once
more.
But her feet down the valley can take her no longer,
She feels so a-weary, but ne'er will complain,
And she says, " I shall be in the Spring-time much
stronger,"
Ah, the Spring that is coming to Grandmother
Vane.

She looks on the forms of her children about her,
And says, " All his boys are so manly and strong."
But Grandmother Vane—we must soon do without
her,
We shall miss the dear light of her presence ere long.

Yes, yes, in the Spring-time I know she'll be stronger,
'Tis a Spring that shall rob her of every pain,
But we hail not its coming, for with us no longer
Will sit in the firelight dear Grandmother Vane.

BABY'S DRAWER.

Inscribed to my dear and only sister, Mrs. Louise Wither.

I WONDER if she'll have a name
In that blest country far away,—
The little blue-eyed one, who came
To us, and went away to-day?
If so, I hope the angels will
Give her as sweet a one as we
To her had given had she lived!
I wonder what her name will be?

Day after day my hands upon
The dainty robes of white had wrought,
And O, how sweet the little one
Will look when thus arrayed; I thought!
One after one, was frock and band
Completed, and laid out of sight.
I would not let a careless hand
Work on the folds of spotless white,

But wrought in quaint embroidery,
The fairest flowers I could find;—
And O, they were a sight to see,
Within the upper drawer enshrined.

That one was "baby's drawer," you see.
"My baby's drawer!" I oft would say,
As lovingly I turned the key—
Ah, well, the baby came to day!

How pretty she did look, O me!
Robed in her dainty dress of white,
I had not thought that I should see
Her so arrayed ere came the night!
Her little hands upon her breast,
Tied with a ribbon white as snow;
It was not thus I would have dressed
My little baby girl, I know.

I oft will wonder as I sit,
My empty hands so mutely crossed,
If after all my sweet hopes, it
Is better to have loved and lost.
If it is better that her feet
Should learn to walk in Heaven instead?
I know no thorns bestrew the street
Wherein my little girl shall tread.

But O, to find my dreams of bliss
Have after all but come to naught!
That days and weeks, it was for *this*,
My hopeful hand so tireless wrought.
Aye, you may turn the shining key,
Hiding from sight each dainty dress;
Death's hand has turned the key 'tween me
And sweetest dreams of happiness.

PULL YOUR OWN WEEDS.

If you've weeds in your garden, my dear friend, I pray.
Do not stand looking over the fence,
To your neighbor's domains—just over the way—
Your own are the most consequence.
Uproot them while yet there is daylight to work,
Tear them up, root and branch, from your soil;
They are sure to do mischief, so I pray do not shirk;
You'll be amply repaid for your toil.

The advice would apply to the Garden of Life,
'Tis so seldom we see our own weeds—
For watching a neighbor, or, worse yet, his wife,
And counting their many misdeeds,
We pass our own follies, our faults we disguise
In the garments of selfish conceit,
We're ever perfection, (in our own eyes,)
But O! for the sinners we meet!

Let us pull our *own* weeds, and work with a will
While yet there is one to be found,
Nor point o'er the way in derision until
We have carefully tilled our own ground.
For, watching the faults of others we see
Not the ones in our own hearts so rife;
Let us pull for ourselves—let other's weeds be,
Till we clean our own Garden of Life.

RE-UNITED.

WHERE the maple's dusky shadows
Fringe the hill-side's emerald breast,
In the nook the sweet-voiced warblers
Love in Summer-time the best,
Deep within the voiceless chamber
Which the grave had opened wide,
Laid we her, who on the morrow
Had been Egbert Welmer's bride.

When the last sad rites were over,
And all else had turned away,
He, whose heart her troth was keeping,
In the silence knelt to pray.
With the sunlight on his forehead,
Drifting through the leaves o'erhead,
Egbert Welmer in his sorrow
Lingered by his sainted dead.

Twilight deepened on the mountains,
One by one the stars came forth,
While the great light, Ursa Major,
Swung his dipper in the north.
And the damp dews swift descended
On his white, uplifted brow,
Starring o'er the while the blossoms
On the green-sward just below.

Thus they found him in the morning,
When the solemn night had flown;
But his heart was past all sorrow,
And his lips were past all moan.
He had joined her on the mountain
Of Eternal Life afar!
Going out with footsteps silent
As the footsteps of a star.

MY PICTURE GALLERY.

SUCH beautiful, beautiful pictures,
Surpassing those of art,
I keep in the sunny chambers
Of the palace of my heart.
Some are of smiling faces,
Some are of pastures green,—
Well loved and remembered places,
And faces that I have seen.

And so in Summer or Winter
I am never quite alone,
For here whatever the weather,
I have a world of my own.
All over the precious chambers,
Having its own sweet way,
The vine of Memory clammers,
Blossoming night and day.

I love to look at these pictures
Surpassing those of art,
As they hang in the sunny chambers
Of the palace of my heart.
Pictures of smiling faces,
Pictures of pastures green,
Well loved and remembered places,
And faces that I have seen.

THE LAND OF THE EAST.

WE are journeying on to partake of the feast
Which a Father's hand has spread,
For we go from here to the Land of the East,
When the world shall call us "dead."

Our footsteps tend toward the rising sun,
Which never a cloud doth mar;
And Christ shall place, when the race is done,
On our brow the morning star.

We shall lave our feet in the placid tide,
And our pain will be washed away,
For pain or care doth never abide
In the realm of His perfect day.

What though our suffering hearts beat here
'Neath the thrall of affliction's tears;
There, never a care, nor never a fear
Shall be ours in the blessed years.

Our hearts are athirst for the wine of bliss,
We long to partake of the feast
That is spread for the sorrowing hearts of this
Sad land, in the Land of the East.

MY CASKET OF PEARLS.

AN angel came down in the beautiful night,
Came down through the gateway of gold ;
His wings through the darkness plowed furrows of
light,
And never a moment he paused in his flight
Till he neared our low cot. With a mother's delight
I had counted my treasures. All told

There were three priceless gems in my casket of love
Three jewels my Father had given.
There was Maggie, and Winnie, my gentle-eyed dove,
And a sweet little seraph sent me from above ;
Of one Christ had said in His infinite love,
" Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven ! "

The angel of light sang a beautiful song,
And the room where my jewels all lay
As I fancied secure in love's casket so strong,
Seemed peopled the while with an angelic throng,
As though shining white feet passed its portals along
And 'twas bright as the sun at noon-day.

A short hour he tarried, this angel of light,
But an hour did he tarry with me,
Then he soared far away in the shadowy night,
But not till I counted *his* jewels so bright :
One more had been added. His song of delight
It surely no sorrow portended to me !

I bent o'er the sleepers—my sad heart the while
Filled with fear undefined for my casket of pearls,
My Maggie, dear pet, in her innocent guile,
The angel had lured with his wondrous smile—
Had gone to that land that lies mile upon mile
In the country beyond, my sweetest of girls.

Again did the angel of light make his way
To the room where my treasures lay closely en-
shrined ;
'Twas a beauteous night in the sweet month of May,
When he looked in upon where my two jewels lay ;
A moment of dread, then his step died away,
In the casket I only one jewel could find.

Once again—only once—did the bright angel say
“Come !” Ah me, then my casket was empty and
bare !
In his pity for them he had taken away
Every one to be set in Eternity's Day.
They are Thine, O my Saviour, thrice blessed alway
Are the priceless heart-jewels I gave to Thy care.

A TE DEUM TO GOD.

WITH noiseless fingers now the dark-eyed Night
Has donned her robe with gleaming gems bedight,
And placed her jeweled crown
Upon her dusky tresses, while
With feet that tread o'er many a mile.
Of emerald turf, she walks adown
The quaint old aisles of Earth, where southern winds
have trod,
All day the while they sang a Te Deum to God.

Over the forest arches, pulsing to the tune
Of fleet-winged zephyrs, the red moon
Hangs like a burnished shield ;
And, where yon white clouds wing their flight
Through the still corridors of night,
From our sight half concealed,
Sits Ceres, her brilliant robes of light already on,
In which she meets the bright-eyed visitant, the Dawn.

Lapsed into blissful rest, I dream, until
I hear the whistle of the Whippoorwill
Afar off in the wood,
While now and then the owl's "Too Whoo,"
Awakes the slumberous echoes through
The leafy solitude,
And Orion, from the boundaries of space,
Looks down again on me with bright and smiling face.

VOICES IN MY HEART.

AT times when all the world is still,
Strange guests my warm heart-chambers fill ;
Sweet faces, peering through the mist,
Raise up their white brows to be kissed ;
While unseen fingers touch the keys
Of old and pleasant memories ;
And in the dusk I seem to hear
Such tones as ne'er on mortal ear
Did fall before. I seem to see
White, spectral hands held out to me ;
I see, or seem to see, bright eyes
O'erflooded with a glad surprise,
While voices, tender as the coo
Of birds, sing all the twilight through.

My heart is like a deep-toned bell ;
An anthem now, and now a knell,
The ringer Thought awakes therein.
The echoes thrill me with a pain,
Too exquisite for human speech
Unto the world to ever reach.
Dost wonder, then, when twilight lays
Upon the earth her purple haze,
I turn from smiles of human ken,
To clasp the hand of Thought again ?
And, chide me not, if I have seemed
Too oftentimes as one who dreamed.
O chide me not, you cannot know
What were my dreams in long ago.

You, who no heart do have to make
The dead past dear for Memory's sake,
Leave me to walk this little way
Unfettered by the cares of day ;
Leave me from all the world apart,
To hear the voices in my heart.

WHEN THE SUN SHALL CROSS THE LINE.

WHEN the sun shall cross the line ;
So I say with breath ahush,
As I listen to the song
Of the little brown-winged thrush.
I have sorrowed long, but now
I no longer can repine,
For he's coming—coming heart,
When the sun shall cross the line.

Years ago he left me here,
With his kisses on my lips ;
Now Joy's sun shines bright again—
Passed from out that drear eclipse
By that message signed by him
With that precious " Ever thine,"—
Just above it " Look for me,
When the sun shall cross the line."

Never did the sunlight seem
Half so bright to me before,
As, with longing eyes I stand,
Waiting, love, upon the shore,

With these sweet words on my lips,
Words that faith has made divine,
"I am coming, look for me
When the sun shall cross the line."

BABY IS DEAD.

See the sweet flowers her bosom adorning,—
Soft be your tread ;
In the calm hush of this beautiful morning
Baby is dead.

Only last night she was blithesome and merry,
Gay as a lark ;
You said "O how fair," and I answered you "Very,
Very ;" O hark !

List ! while your lip to her own fondly presses,
Never a breath
Cometh to cheer us ;—all our caresses
Give we to Death.

Blue as the violets down in the meadow,
Friend, were her eyes ;
Now, O my God ! what a wonderful shadow
Over them lies.

Night ! had ye only have given me warning,
Only have said—
Lips, ye shall sob in the hush of the morning,
Baby is dead.

O but to find her so close to my bosom,
 Pallid, and stark,
 The hand of Death to have stolen my blossom
 Here in the dark !

None but a mother can measure my sorrow ;
 Soft be your tread.
 Cometh no bird-song for me on the morrow,
 Baby is dead !

THOUGHTS.

SUGGESTED ON READING JOHN HAY'S "THE ADVANCE
 GUARD," BEGINNING :

"In the dream of the northern poets the brave who in battle die
 Fight on in shadowy phalanx in the field of upper sky,
 And as we read the sounding rhyme the reverent fancy hears
 The ghastly ring of the viewless swords, and the clash of spectral spears."

'Tis a weird and a ghostly fancy, and it lacks the
 power to please ;
 Not even a poet can unveil God's solemn mysteries ;
 But I love to think of those heroes brave—that our
 noble army-slain,
 With death laid down the bloody sword to take it up
 never again.

Never in dreams of those soldiers true my reverent
 fancy hears .
 "The ghastly ring of the viewless swords, and the
 clash of spectral spears."

Never, O nevermore I think of those gallant, gallant
souls,
Where on the air the *reveille* in its solemn cadence
rolls.

That they strive for Truth and Right as here, most
freely will I grant,
But not on an enemy's fortress top the old flag they
would plant,
For 'mid the splendor that prevails in those fields of
upper air,
They are as brothers every one,—*no enemy is there.*

Was it not time for rest and sleep when the pulse for-
got its tune,
And the soldier-heart no longer beat to the old field-
martial rune?
When the eye grew blind to earthly sights, and the
ear grew deaf to call,
And the wing of Azrael lay upon their senses like a
pall?

First of the noble martyr-slain, Ellsworth! O, brave
and true,
Over the trackless miles of space our thoughts go out
to you!
And Putman, and Shaw, of the hero souls, and Ulric
Dahlgren brave;
Ah! the flowers of Memory we have strewn to the
brim of each hallowed grave.

But with my heart it is a feast of pure delight to-day
 That little it matters in heaven who wore the blue or
 who wore the gray ;
 That, free from war and its direful ills, out into the
 better life
 They carried none of the feud they held, and none of
 the deadly strife.

* * * * * * *

'Tis a ghostly fancy at the best, and it lacks the power
 to please ;
 Whatever their hands find now to do is one of God's
 mysteries ;
 But never and never my soul can think that the beau-
 tiful Land of Leal
 Has seen the flash of a bloody hand, or the gleam of
 the murderous steel.

BEYOND THE STARS.

BEYOND the stars, beyond the stars !
 What flowery fields are spread
 Beyond the blue and golden bars
 That arch the dome o'erhead !
 What sylvan grots where we may rest
 From all life's vexing cares !
 O, I, methinks, would be so blest
 To climb the unseen stairs !

I long to tread the pearly shore
Where mortal ne'er has trod,
That I may know a pain no more,
And dwell for aye with God.
I stretch my hands in mute despair ;
No angel stoops to save,
But Hope so gently whispers, " There
Is rest beyond the grave."

And so the grass is growing green
Above the little spot
Where, underneath its tasseled sheen,
I'll sleep, and be forgot.
But if Death's hand will lead me there,
Where I so long to go,
This heart will never more despair,
Heaven lies *beyond*, I know.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

THE twilight hour is here again,
O friend, beloved and true !
The time that always brings me sweet
And tender thoughts of you !

It is the hour you like to touch
The quick responding keys,
And for the little while commune
With olden memories.

I seem to see you in the dusk,
Your head in sorrow bent ;
While tears fall fast upon the white
Keys of the instrument.

And while the tide of memory sweeps
Across life's prayerful sea,
I know you never fail to think
The little while of me.

And O, the thought somehow awakes
The birds of hope to song,
That your dear feet will walk beside
Mine own again ere long !

O, dear friend, in this hour so blest,
Our souls no fate can part ;
There is no spell these blissful dreams
Can banish from my heart !

I almost see your love-lit face,
Your eyes of pansy blue,
Such tender and such blessed thoughts
The twilight brings of you.

OCTOBER.

THE harvest moon is growing pale ;
The grasses withered are and sere ;
Farewell, September, and all hail !
Thou fairest month of all the year !

Away in the secluded glen,
The owl sends forth his quaint "Too whoo,
And far remote from haunts of men,
The partridge beats his loud tattoo.

The song of birds we do not hear
So often in the glen ;
Save now and then the notes so clear,
Of some belated wren ;

And save the piping of the jay,
Up in some gnarled oak tree,
There is no glad sound heard to-day,
Of song-birds' minstrelsy.

The brown nuts fall upon the ground,
With patter soft and low ;
Gay banners hang the trees around,
The mount, and vale below.

Over the dead leaves of the birch,
The rabbit swings with agile bound ;
The squirrel from his leafy perch
Looks askantly around,

As though in wonder why the air
Had grown so strangely chill,
And why such colors flaunted where
The green did on the hill.

Each flower into its tiny cell
So timidly has crept,
Scarce leaving e'en one trace to tell
Where the Frost King has stept.

A golden glow hangs over all,
Making above compare
The gorgeous mantle which the Fall
Does so delight to wear.

EACH DAY WILL ITS LABOR-BRING.

IDLER in the field of Life,
Is there nothing you can do?
When Sin cuts such mighty swaths,
Is there no work left for you?
Up, I pray, and act your part
Bravely on life's busy stage,
That your record, when 'tis done,
Bear no blot on any page.

Act, so when the curtain falls,
And the last, last play is done,
A whole world may you applaud :
Saying, here, indeed, was one
Who has wrought his share of good ;
Here was one who, working, fell !
Act so that the angels e'en
Can proclaim, " He has done well."

There is always work to do—
Life's race is so short at best,
That 'tis little time we have
To pay court to ease and rest.
Each day will its labor bring;
From the rise to set of sun,
Though you're toiling, much will yet
In the end be left undone.

Here and there we see them fall,
Soldiers noble, brave and true;
Be their labor incomplete,
There is still more work for you.
Only do the best you can,
That is all God asks of you.
To your conscience, as to man,
Always proving just and true.

WORLD-WEARY.

I AM weary of the world, of its folly and deceit,
I am weary of the praise that its flatterers repeat.

I am weary of the smiles, hiding so much pain within,
On the many, many faces in the cavalcade of sin;

Of the serpent Calumny, which its hydra-head up-
rears,
Trailing wide its deadly venom, trampling down the
golden years.

I am weary of the homage rendered unto sordid
Pelf,
Of the better hopes forever laid upon Time's dusty
shelf.

I am, O so weary, thinking of the hours that we
have lost ;
Of the precious, precious moments we've into Obliv-
ion tossed,

That I often think the kindest boon accorded to
our lot,
Is the sleep where we, not only, but our follies are
forgot.

I HAVE DREAMED.

I HAVE dreamed in my dreams of the city so blest,
Where the heart drinks its fill from the Fountain of
Rest ;

Where the walls are of jasper, and the gates do re-
flect

The unclouded faces of God's own elect.

I have journeyed afar through their portals, and, lo !
I have revelled in joys of the dear long ago ;
For there did my arms in their longing enfold
The friends of my youth—in the City of Gold.

In my untroubled dreams of this land of the blest,
My soul has been drunken with infinite rest.

No music has been to my ear half so sweet
As the echoes I heard from the fall of the feet
Of the ones who, grown weary long summers ago,
Crossed the tide whose dark waves in their mystical
 flow

Bore them out to the Shepherd who guardeth his fold
In the beautiful city—the City of Gold.

I have dreamed, and my dreaming to me was so real
That their kisses so warm on my lips I could feel.
I have said, “Fare thee well, O moments of dearth,
Ye only belong to the dwellers of earth!”
I have seen sweeter visions than pen can portray,
In the land where my lost ones are dwelling to-day;
But the half of the glory can never be told,
Of the beautiful city—the City of Gold.

Only then will the joy of our hearts be complete,
On the day when we, too, reach its beautiful street;
When the fetters are broken that bind us to earth,
And we taste of the bliss of our heavenly birth.
Then, then we no longer shall hunger and thirst,
“For the first shall be last, and the last shall be first;”
Where friendship is true, and love never grows cold,
In the beautiful city—the City of Gold.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

THE day that oped so fair to me,
This hour has passed away ;
And hopes that lured me in the morn,
I question, where are they ?
Tell me, O Night, where have they flown ?
I reap no harvest, though long since
My golden seed was sown.

I see the reapers hurry by
O'erladen with their store ;
They sing the joyous harvest-song
Which I shall sing no more.
My wain is empty, shall I sing,
When all the hopes that lured my heart
Are buried with the Spring ?

The frosts of sorrow heavy press
Their weight upon my brow,
As in the dark and solemn night
My weary head I bow,
Saying, " It still is written plain,
The seed of TRUTH my hand has sown
Will yet bear golden grain."

When my tired hands have ceased their toil,
And I, o'erwearied, sleep ;
When all of life seems buried there
Within the silence deep,

Then will my hour of triumph be ;
What you will call the sleep of death,
Is harvest-time to me.

S O N G .

COME, for my heart is calling,
Come to our bower to-night ;
Come when the dew is falling,
Come when the stars are bright.
Come when the moon is gleaming
Clearly athwart the blue ;
Come when the birds are dreaming,
Come, if thy heart is true.

Come, I am sad and lonely,
Waiting for thee so long ;
Come to our bower, if only
To list to one little song.
Come when the moon is beaming
Clearly athwart the blue ;
Come when the birds are dreaming,
Come, if thy heart is true.

I N W I N T E R .

OUT on the moorlands the north wind is blowing ;
Over the ridges and valleys below
The sovereign, Winter, is recklessly throwing
Bright jewels of frost from his kirtle of snow.

White are the locks of the sturdy new comer ;
His eyes with the north wind are misty and
bleared ;
Where a few weeks ago reigned the beautiful
Summer,
He walks with the frost-gems agleam in his beard.

I remember so well how the Autumn-time flushed
When she heard the low tread of his feet from afar ;
Her hymn of rejoicing was long ago hushed ;
Her song-birds—I know not wherever they are.

From the land of the Esquimaux far to the nor'ward,
Where the sunbeams no warmth on the tall gla-
ciers throw,
Sent he his sturdy frost-heralders forward,
Far in advance of his column of snow.

While the midnight her masses so solemn was
holding,
They fettered each brook that their footsteps
crossed o'er,
'Til a mantle of crystal the while was enfolding,
With jewels pinned close to the grassy-fringed
shore.

Such strange, quaint devices we found in the morning
Ere the sun set his feet on the stairs of the sky ;
Such fanciful pictures our windows adorning—
Such beautiful landscapes to gladden the eye !

The door of the morn, on bright golden hinges,
Swings open, and through its wide portal we see
The net-work of frost that exquisitely fringes
The verdure that grew on the upland and lea.

The evenings grow longer for song and for story ;
Behind is the Autumn, before us the May ;
Before us the Spring-time, her garments of glory
Shall trail o'er the grasses now hidden away.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

NOTHING but leaves ; no fruit, no grain,
Ungarnered sheaves, and an empty wain.

Nothing but this for a heart athirst ;
No lips to kiss—life's lees drink first.

Nothing but leaves, and husks, and tares,
O, the spirit grieves for its many cares !

Nothing but this. If you dreamed of more,
That dream of bliss, O, my heart, is o'er !

Nothing but leaves for a starving soul !
Unbound are my sheaves, who shall make them whole ?

Nothing but this ? O, soul ! but wait,
If you do not miss heaven's golden gate,

Something *not* leaves, nor husks, nor tares,
Fond hope believes will dispel your cares.

Something too fair for pen to paint,
Ah, then ! ah, there ! you will make no complaint.

TOO LATE.

THE day is dead of a surety,
When the careless touch of your hand
Is more than another's touch would be ;
You have lost—do you understand ?—
The love of my heart ; aye, do not start !
You have thrown, like a toy, away
Of your cup of bliss the better part,
And bankrupt you are to-day.

I have never a thought of love allied
To my tenderest thoughts of you ;
That day is past, for it was denied
For another not half so true.
Not half so true as my love for you,
Ere you trampled it in the dust ;
Not all the kindness you now can do
Can awaken my buried trust.

Let the dead past sleep ; it is dead for aye ;
Its monumental stone
The years have set as they passed us by.
There is nothing that can atone

For the pain I felt, as that morn I knelt
At your feet, and with you plead
For the love that I coveted so, and you
Told me that your love was dead.

A NIGHT-WATCH.

ALL night the fingers of the rain
Have tapped against my window-pane ;
All night the sobbing of the sea
E'en in my dreams has haunted me ;
So, flinging off the bonds of sleep,
The lonesome watch I fain would keep.

I think of faces I have missed,
Of lips my own have often kissed,
Now smileless, silent all the day,
Beneath the grasses hid away ;
And calling, calling unto me,
I hear the sad voice of the sea.

Its waters low but solemn boom,
Make dreary echoes in the gloom ;
And restless waves, with white arms tossed
On high, and sheeted like a ghost,
Seem beckoning to me, as I watch
To see Day's white hand on the latch.

SUNSET-HOUR.

AGAIN 'tis sunset's solemn hour,
The hour that always brings
To me a feeling of unrest
Upon its shining wings.
The one great wish to look beyond
The sunset's ambient door,
And taste the bliss my dear ones have
Whose feet have gone before.

It is the hour that always draws
My soul so near to God ;
I almost see the pave whereon
Their shining feet have trod.
The sunlight, like a joyous smile,
Lies on the river's brim,
Such as, methinks, lay on the waves
Where they crossed o'er to Him.

O soul of mine, cease this unrest !
Life yet is very sweet,
For love doth make its every draught
With happiness replete.
Let the sweet boon of being loved
The little while be mine,
Life is so short—and after it
Eternity is thine.

BESIDE THE FENDER.

SITTING by the glowing fender,
Where the yule-log is ablaze,
Memory sings to me a tender
Heart-song of the vanished days ;
Of the blissful dreams I cherished
In the summers long ago,
And the dear hopes that have perished
While the years were drifting on.

As the flickering fire-light flashes
Widely through the door ajar,
There are tears upon my lashes,
For the dear ones who now are
Sleeping in death's silent chambers,
Where about the sculptured stone
Tenderly the ivy clammers,
Hiding the dear name thereon.

O the dreary loss, the longing
For the faces seen no more !
O the tender memories thronging
Through the heart's wide open door,
Till I hear sweet voices calling
To me as the night grows late,
In the wind's low footsteps falling
Softly by the outer gate !

Mine the sorrow to inherit,
Theirs the glory and the peace;
Mine the sad and haunted spirit,
Theirs the joys that never cease.
O my loved ones, safely chambered
'Neath the roof-tree fringed with flowers,
Dearest, best-belovèd, remembered
Tenderly through all the hours!

Dear ones who, when sleep is blessing
With oblivion my pain,
Come, my aching brow caressing
With the old-time touch again;
I am nearing, surely nearing,
The far-off reunion shore;
And this thought my heart is cheering—
We shall part, ah, nevermore!

LOVE'S TRYST.

WHILE the stars of the night-time are peeping
The dome of the blue ether through,
Alone in their light I am keeping
Love's vigil, my darling, for you!
A moment ago and I fancied
I heard your dear step at the gate,
And yet you are absent, my dearest,
And yet, O, my love, you are late!

You wrote, "when the day has departed"
 I should see the love-light in your eyes;
 "My darling," you said, "be glad-hearted;
 When the stars are a gleam in the skies,
 I shall drink from your lips honeyed sweetness,
 Till I'm drunken the while with my bliss;"
 And still I am waiting, and watching;
 O where are the lips I would kiss?

The moon up the blue stairway climbing,
 Looks pityingly down on my tears;
 The eight o'clock bell now is chiming—
 How dreary the silence appears!
 Hist! a step on the graveled walk ringing,
 See! see a bright face in the door!
 All the birds in my heart that were singing,
 This morning are singing once more.

INTROSPECTIVE.

If I to read the future could,
 It I were loth to do.
 As life is rightly understood,
 God chides us only for our good.
 My thoughts on sorrow shall not brood,
 Because I know it is the lot
 Of all to suffer loss.
 My heart has bled, and whose has not?
 But better is a grief forgot
 Than joy, so I have always thought.

And yet so much of stern regret
 Is concentrated there,
Because, more brave, I had not met
The demon Wrong, whose feet were set,
Are set within my pathway yet.

I've tried to live my earth-life so
 God should proclaim it right ;
But my life-record will not show,
In all these years I've lived below,
As fair as I once planned, I know.

Its written book I look within,
 And, like a grieved child, say,
Alas, alas ! too prone to sin
This heart of mine has ever been !
Would no such errors were within !

I fail so often, when I fain
 Would show the most of strength ;
I faint, I fall, and yet again
I fall ; nor show a sign of pain,
Because 'tis weakness to complain.

I would be just to all mankind,
 Would give to each their due ;
But still, through ignorance, I find
I all too often have been blind
In judgment on my fellow-kind.

I throw the curtain of Distrust
Back to let in the light ;
And have no two-edged sword to thrust
Into a heart low in the dust ;
And all because I would be just—

Would do to others as I would
That they should do to me ;
And knowing well my own life should
Be more productive still of good
Among the world's great brotherhood.

No doubts have I about that land
To which we go from this.
That which I cannot understand
I leave unto the future, and
Reach up the while a trusting hand.

Just what I am, not what I may
Sometimes have only seemed ;
At His dear feet my faults I lay,
And with a contrite spirit say,
“ Lord, help me walk the better way !”

IN THE DAYS LANG SYNE.

You said you loved me in the days lang syne,
And I, believing with a woman's trust,
Built royal castles of those dreams of mine,
And called them finished, saying, “ Moth nor rust

Shall never eat their supple strength away,
For Faith shall be their granite base alway."

To-day my heart is heavy with its loss;
Not only lie my castles at my feet,
But mine is still the heavy cross
That makes my life so incomplete.
Fame lured you up to walk her flowery path,
I only met the tempest's awful wrath.

One who has mastered song has sung,
"Whom first we love, in truth we seldom wed.'
What mattered the love-pearls my hand had flung
To you, Fame's halo all about your head?
So far removed by genius from my sight,
So bright your day, what knew you of my night?

Although above my earthly way
The star of hope for aye has set,
O my beloved, I can truly say,
I did not blame, I do not blame you yet.
Within her lock Fate turned her direful key,
How could you, O my darling, come to me?

With her dark barrier looming high
Between our mortal vision's ken,
How could we, dearest—you and I—
In love's sweet pathway walk again?
Ours is, alas! the old refrain,
The joy has passed us by that "*might have been!*"

IN THANKFULNESS.

WHAT have I done, most gracious Lord,
That I deserve so much?
All day I feel upon my head
Thy hand's so kindly touch.
All day the sunlight glints my way :
My sky most sunny be ;
What have I done, deserving so
Much favor, Lord, from Thee ?

My heart is full of thankfulness,
My soul is full of prayer,
That I upon my flock do gaze
Nor see one vacant chair.
My jewels every one I keep
In Home's bright coronet ;
Dear Lord, I thank Thee that not one
Is missing from it yet !

Though earth vanish from my sight,
I have no voice to plead
For further grace. In Thee I have
A friend in every need.
And I were recreant to the trust
Thou hast vouchsafed to me,
Did I not humbly in the dust
Sing, Lord, this song to Thee.

HOSANNA TO THE KING!

THE golden pinions of the sun,
Whose plume-tips swept the breast
Of Mother Earth, are folded on
The mountain's top in rest ;
While solemnly, slowly above
The stars this anthem sing :
" Rejoice, rejoice, for God is love—
Hosanna to the King !"

The evening winds take up the strain,
And wide o'er mount and sea,
O'er valley low, and sodden plain—
The Earth's immensity—
Where Nature wears her wrap of green,
And flowers their censers swing,
They softly chant, with humble mien,
" Hosanna to the King !"

Hosanna to the King of day,
Who, from His golden crown
The fairest of the whole array
Of jewels has cast down.
O, when the song does stir the lute
Of Nature's every string,
Should mortal tongue alone be mute ?
Hosanna to the King !

F R E E .

SLEEP, my belovèd, sleep !
Life's fire is burned away ;
I have no heart to weep
That thou art dead to-day.
Knowing that Pain no more
Can scathe thee with its power ;
I would not ope the door
That Death has shut this hour.

I say, " So let it be,
I cannot wish thee back !"
Life ever was to thee
A rough and briery track.
I have no tear to shed,
I have no heart to weep,
I can but say instead,
Aye, sleep, my darling, sleep !

My blessèd one, O sleep !
For thou art truly blest.
Love's vigil thou didst keep,
But now take, take thy rest.
Life's feverish dream is spent,
Its sorrow all is past ;
I even am content,
For thou art *free* at last !

AN AUTUMN DAY.

AGAIN the rare and royal blood
Of Summer-time has been
Wrung from her throbbing heart, and thrown
Broadcast o'er hill and plain.
The old woods echo to the sound
Of wailing winds, and all
The mountains fold about their breasts
The mantle of the Fall.

Beneath a calm, untroubled sky
I walk with listless tread,
And feast my eyes upon the scene
Dame Nature's hand has spread.
How faithfully her magic touch
The beauty has portrayed!
How lavish in her gorgeous tints
Of sunshine and of shade.

The south winds wander where they will,
And all the forest aisles,
Where she is holding queenly court,
Are wreathed with royal smiles.
Gay banners, wrought in quaint device,
Are flung out to the breeze,
And golden crowns bedeck the brows
Of all the maple trees.

Like visions of the Orient—
Of sunlight on the sea—
Aye, like a very dream of Heaven,
This day has been to me.
Methinks that even that blest land
No fairer scene can give ;
But this I know, Heaven seems so near,
I am content to live.

CROSSING OVER.

CROSSING o'er the darksome river,
To the shore
Where a sorrow cometh never,
Never more.

Yet, O God, so much we love her,
That we pray,
As our tears fall fast above her,
“ Not to-day.”

Spare her till our hearts are stronger
For the rod,
Just a little, little longer,
Blessèd God !

Has the earth-life power to charm her ?
Nay and nay ;
She would with the golden Summer
Go away.

For her eyes have seen the vision,

O, so fair !

Of the radiant fields Elysian,

Over there.

She has seen the fields more vernal

Far than ours ;

Seen, in dreams, the land Eternal,

With its flowers.

And the while our tears are falling

In our woe,

She is calling, ever calling,

“ Let me go ! ”

Walking where Pain's hurtling briers

Close are prest,

Is it strange her soul desires

Perfect rest ?

Death is but the kindly warden

Who the gate

Opens to the Golden Garden,

Soon or late.

E'en our tears condemn our blindness—

Foolish tears !

She shall joy through Azrael's kindness,

All the years !

Weep we on while she is going

To her rest,

Asking God to spare her, knowing

He knows best.

N O V E M B E R .

NOVEMBER, with her filmy veil
Of Indian-Summer haze,
Her forehead star-gemmed, sad, and pale,
And sombre robes ablaze
With ambient sunshine, walks adown
The vine-empurpled land,
And scatters jewels from her crown
With a most lavish hand.

In gay battalions, back and forth
The crimson-capped boughs sway,
As Autumn in the storied North
Holds carnival to-day.
The winds all chant a solemn dirge
As, with reluctant feet,
Upon the Winter's very verge,
From north and south they meet.

The bright-eyed wrens a week ago
Held a grand matinee ;
Some frightened ones predicted snow—
To-day, they're gone, I see.
The speckled quail in flocks are seen
Among the stubble dry ;
The rabbit, timid in its mien,
With agile bounds goes by.

And yet, among the frosted blooms
That fringe the forest's robe,
The cooing, brown-winged partridge drums,
To call her straying brood.
While here and there I hear the sound
Of falling nuts, as they
Drop in the apron of the ground,
This still November day.

The ploughshare's wound is on Earth's breast,
A wound that will not heal
'Till Nature, in her green robes drest,
Shall lay thereon her seal.
But Winter's kindly hand shall put
A snowy bandage on,
'Till the good seed has taken root
The farmer's hand has sown.

O when some thoughtless deed shall mar
Our life's most sacred soil,
When heart-sick with unrest we are
So weary of our toil,
If one good seed we may have sown
Shall spring to life and grow,
And Purity shall cast thereon
Her spotless robe of snow,

No matter if we are not here
To reap our harvest, friend ;
Some heart, perchance, will hold us dear,
Some heart a thought will send

Into the great Beyond, and say,
 “ Dear soul, we reap and sow,
But yet the good seed thrives to-day
 You planted years ago !”

Then, then, indeed, our life here was
 Not profitless or vain ;
Who sows good seed through Nature’s laws
 Shall surely reap again.
And so, perhaps, some little deed
 Of kindness we have done,
At God’s dear feet shall intercede
 For us through Christ His Son.

J E N N I E .

THE sunlight falls down in a wondrous smile,
And glints all the fair valley o’er ;
The robins are winging their home-way and singing,
But we heed not their cadence, we see not the
 radiance

Of gold on the hill-side for the shadows before,
We weep, for our Jennie, the fairest of any
And all of the band of earth-angels,
Has gone from our hearth evermore.

There’s a little low mound in the valley to-day,
But we see not the sunlight thereon ;
For the tears that are falling, the while we are calling,
“ Come, fair little blossom, come back to our bosom,

Our darling, our birdling, our beautiful one!"
Vain call, for our Jennie, the fairest of any
And all of the band of earth-angels,
To the land of the angels has gone.

The earth was too rough for her delicate feet,
Now they're sandal'd with sapphire and pearl,
Which around her is shedding their light as she's
treading

The fair fields Elysian, too bright for our vision,
And God will protect her, our own little girl—
Our little lost Jennie, the fairest of any
And all of the band of the angels
Who walk with their sandals of pearl.

S O M E T I M E .

"SOMETIME," I say, and look away
With eyes that shine with longing,
To see the fair, fair country, where
The angel-hosts are thronging.
"Sometime," O me! when will it be,
That I that glorious home shall see?
When will I reach the golden strand
And join my loved in Eden Land?

I faint, I fall, amid it all—
The turmoil and the trials;
My heart is sore unto its core
For all its love-denials.

Day after day, as far away
That country seems for which I pray ;
When will I reach the brighter shore,
And join my loved for evermore ?

THE WOUNDED LINNET.

WITHOUT, the chill November rain
Was falling drearily ;
The wind against the window-pane
Was tapping wearily.
When, through the half-oped casement flew
A little bird of sombre hue—
A soft-eyed, trembling linnet.
Canary in his cage asleep,
Saw not the little eyes bo-peep
So curiously within it.

The little linnet's robe was brown,
The worse for stormy weather ;
Canary wore a golden crown
And gold on every feather.
The cage was silver-lined, to make
It pleasant for the singer's sake ;
But yet he pined and fretted,
Just as a little robin would,
Who, watching o'er its tiny brood,
Was by the fowler netted.

His head tucked 'neath his shining wing,
His caller was unheeded ;
Until he heard the stranger sing,
" Kind sir, your help is needed ;
Here do I sit with wounded wing,
Then haste restoratives to bring,
For only just remember
The winter-time draws near apace,
And I would leave this dreary place
While yet it is November."

Canary heard with chirp of pride
The sweet voice of the linnet ;
" My cage is cruel," then he cried,
" Would that you were within it !
I'd dress your wounded wing, sweet friend,
Your tattered plumage I would mend,
And we would sing together ;
What mattered if it stormed without,
Our song of love should be about,
Regardless of the weather."

As canary this proposal made,
The little brown-robed stranger
Was almost tempted, I'm afraid,
To be no more a ranger.
But then she quickly sang in glee,
" O give no gilded cage to me !
I could not live within it ;
Nor could I sing, not e'en to you,
Admitting that your love were true,"
Quoth little Mrs. Linnet.

“ So keep your gilded cage, I pray,
 ’Tis very neat and pretty ;
Your crown is nice, and, I will say,
 Your songs are gay and witty ;
But there’s a tiny little mate
Who says, ‘ Dear love, we will migrate
 Ere fades the chill November ;’
And first love is to me the best,
E’en though he wear no golden vest,
 His kindness I remember.”

From it a lesson we might con,
 This fable of the linnet ;
This world is very fair, I own,
 But many dwell within it
Who, when Adversity doth fling
Dark clouds around, and shadows bring
 To faith and love together,
Are lured with fetters made of gold
Because the tempter dares be bold,
 And wears the gilded feather.

GROWING OLD.

SITTING where the flickering fire-light
Casts its rays upon the floor,
While the wind without is sighing,
I have opened Memory’s door.

And adown the aisles so voiceless
Of the years whose beads are told,
Walk I saying, sadly saying,
"I am growing, growing old !

O the fair sun-tinted meadows !
O the faces I have seen
Only in the fields of Dreamland,
Since the flowers have bloomed between !
O the glory on me streaming
As the dead years are unrolled !
Would that I, while gazing on them,
Could forget I'm growing old !

In Youth's pastures fair and vernal,
Walk I with dear, precious feet—
Feet that now for years have wandered
Through Beulah's golden street.
Years and years, beneath the daisies,
Over them the graves dank mold
Has been creeping, while I, weeping,
Have been growing, growing old !

On my brow are threads of silver,
Which the fleeting years have spun ;
Once, in days that now are vanished,
I could count them one by one.
But to-night they band my forehead
Like a 'kerchief all unrolled ;
And I know, ah ! know too truly,
I am growing, growing old.

Growing old as life is reckoned
Here on earth by mortal tongue ;
In the joys of the Hereafter
I shall be forever young.
Time forgets to spin his silver
In the Heavenly Shepherd's fold ;
Then, I shall ne'er think to murmur,
" I am growing, growing old."

D Y I N G .

I AM going, O my loved ones,
Out upon a journey far !
Chide me not, for I am going
Where my best belovèd are.

O'er the river they are waiting
On the bright and golden sands,
And I see the snowy flutter
Of their white, impatient hands.

O, my heart is throbbing gladly,
For the years have been so long,
Since my ear drank in the music
That their lips framed into song.

Love, I know, would fain detain me,
Hearts would bid me tarry here ;
But it may not be, beloved,
Though I hold you all so dear.

Clasp me close, O clasp me closely,
Press your loving lips to mine,
For the golden bowl is breaking—
Spilling all Life's ruby wine.

Ne'er again my feet shall wander
By your dear side as of yore,
Till they greet you as you journey
To me on the brighter shore.

Comes the summons o'er the water,
Like a merry marriage-bell;
'Tis the voice of the pale boatman
Calling to me. Fare you well.

A L O N E .

NOR that I loved my darling less,
That I to link my life to his was loth;
The hand of God was broad enough to bless
The lives, I knew—though separate—of both.
And Fate had so ordained it for our good,
That life could never be just what we planned;
That it was best, too, well we understood,
Though *why*, we did not, could not understand.

And so I put the blissful cup away
Whose sweet, sweet draught so long had tempted
me,
And tried, "Thy blessèd will, not mine!" to say,
And to forget the joys that could not be.

But all the years of life have proved
The fallacy of what we fancied right ;
Had I been wedded to the man I loved,
I had not, dying, been alone to-night.

THEY SAY.

WE are biased in our actions
More by what the world will say,
Than the law of creeds and factions,
In this nineteenth century.

But I've faith to think this blindness
Will have passed us years from hence ;
When we will be ruled by kindness
And old-fashioned common-sense.

Show me, if you can, a woman
Who would walk the street to-day
With a creature all too human,
Quite unmindful of " They say."

Once, a thief, in heart-felt sorrow,
Prayed, " Lord, be my sins forgiven !"
And that thief was on the morrow
With the blessed Lamb in Heaven.

He whose mercy saved that sinner,
Points us to the Magdalen,
Saying, try that ye may win her
From the broad, broad road of sin.

Do we try? O have we heeded
That a dear soul is at stake?
Have we kindly interceded
For her for the Master's sake?

Nay, I mind me now of many
Who would draw their robes away
As from out the fire, if any
Such were passing on life's way.

Women, too, whose lamps are burning (?)
In the Church with steady light;
Never pausing, never turning,
Saying, "*Sister, do the right!*"

O, who would evince such daring,
In the broad, broad light of day?
She the badge of shame is wearing,
And what would the world say?

We have duties all around us
In this life's unceasing fray,
Let us care who may surround us,
More for RIGHT, than what "*They say.*"

NATURE'S POEM.

A WONDERFUL, marvelous poem
Of birds and the murmuring brook,
The finger of Nature to-day
Has penned in her beautiful book.

The breezes swept down from the mountain,
And rustled the leaves into song ;
And each hour was a verse, so the poem,
As the exquisite day, was as long.

O rare are the thought-scintillations
The wondrous book doth enfold,
Which is clasped with the sunshine of heaven,
And bound in the sky's blue and gold.
The cover is daintily studded
With stars, which the night-time has brought
From the courts of the worshipping angels,
To embellish this volume of Thought.

In rapture I read from its pages,
Far out in the depths of the night,
And think of the poem unwritten
Which the pen of To-morrow will write.
Then to sleep, and, in blissful awakening,
To meet the glad kiss of the sun,
And read from the beautiful pages
The song which the day has begun.

HOUR OF THOUGHT.

THE sun's bright chariot rolls its way
Adown Time's beaten track,
And takes with it another day
That never will come back.

Another day, another day,
That never will come back,
Never, never, never more
To us will come back.

In wondering awe the while we stand,
And tearfully we sigh
To see the growing shadows and
The fair day pass us by.
To see the bright and golden day
So swiftly pass us by,
Forever by, forever by,
So swiftly pass us by.

With dusky robes Night climbs the stair
To Heaven's ethereal arch ;
The moon is shining calmly there,
The stars are on their march—
With stately step and slow, on high
The stars are on the march
That time allotted unto them,
Their everlasting march.

O well-loved hour of solemn thought,
Blest hour of Aiden-bliss,
What tender dreams our hearts have wrought
By vision such as this !
What tender, tender fancies,
What dreams of future bliss
O'erflood the eager, waiting soul,
By vision such as this !

AS BY DEATH.

I TOLD you I would be your friend,
And none should be so true ;
That Friendship's path should never end
Where I would walk with you.

Didst deem it but a hollow vow ?
O friend, I only know
That as by death are parted now
Our life-paths here below.

Parted, and by a little word,
(Would it had been unsaid).
O that instead one friend had heard
The other one was dead.

I cannot tear your memory quite
From out my heart, as though
You did not have the sacred right
Of friendship long ago.

Well, life is fraught with griefs like this,
(After the darkness light) ;
In Heaven—the thought brings happiness—
The wrong shall be made right.

No less a loving hand I reach
Than in the years ago ;
Yet know the while on earth that each
Must journey on alone.

But, if when life's short hour is o'er,
Our paths again shall blend;
If, in the light of Faith once more
We clasp hands, O, my friend,

I will not murmur for the cross
That presses me so sore;
There, I shall sorrow for the loss
Of your love never more.

So, be that day far-off or near,
In hopeful trust I wait
To clasp your hand, and kiss you, dear,
Beyond the Golden Gate.

THE LONG AGO.

WHEN thou'rt sitting sad and lonely
In thy home beside the sea,
Dost thou ever, though 'tis only
For the moment, think of me?
When the evening shadows darken,
And the yule-log is ablaze,
Dost thou ever pause to hearken
For the tones of other days?

Reading in each glowing ember
Stories of the buried past.
Dost thou, darling, then remember
Joys which were too sweet to last?

Give me answer, for I'm longing,
Longing, dear one, so to know
If through memory's hall is thronging
Footsteps of the Long Ago.

F O R G I V E .

I KNOW now it *was* love that stirred
My being's pulses so,
My darling, at the little word
You whispered years ago.
I know that I have missed the best
Of life Life had to give,
That in my heart a great unrest
Will be the while I live.

But were you happy, I content
Could walk my shadowed way.
Believe me, dear, I never meant
To turn to night *your* day.
"God grant the sun of joy for you
Shall shine the while you live!"
Such was my prayer, Beloved and true,
Forgive me, O forgive!

HIS WAYS NOT ALWAYS ARE AS OURS.

I HOLD it sinful to despond
 When life's clouds hover low ;
That he who does not look *beyond*,
 And see the golden bow
Of Promise shining in the sky,
 Is blind unto God's laws.
He who knows pain, should bravely try
 To find the real cause.

For Fate is, as she stands intact,
 A most capricious elf ;
We shun her shadows, when in fact
 We are to blame ourself
For half the sorrow that is thrown
 Around our earthly way.
Ours, I repeat, and ours alone,
 The blame day after day.

I hold it sinful, aye, 'tis more,
 For us to so rebel,
When God's dear mercy hovers o'er,
 And *knowing* He doth well,
For us to doubt His love. Though He
 Some grief gives us to bear—
Because He chastens us, shall we
 Unjustly doubt His care?

His ways not always are as ours,
And *yet* He doeth best.
In pleasant paths and strewn with flowers,
Were our feet always prest,
We were like children gone astray.
We need a ruling hand—
He leads us by the better way,
Unto the Better Land.

And, knowing this, I do not doubt
His all-prevailing care.
His love doth fold me round about
If I be here or there.
I humbly cling unto the hand
That leads me on, and say,
I fain would reach that glorious Land,
Thou knowest, Lord, the way!

YESTERDAY.

How fair the earth was yesterday!
How green the meadows were!
The poet, Nature, was her own
And best interpreter.
A golden haze enwrapt the hills,
A bright and ambient glow
Like veil of mist dropped low, and kissed
The valley just below.

The violets their blue-bells swung
Upon the grassy lea,
And starry daisies raised their eyes
Toward heaven, wonderingly.
The meadows in their sheen arrayed
Looked fair as any bride ;
It did not seem one beauteous dream
Of earth had been denied.

To-day the sky is ashen-hued ;
The wind sobs on the heath ;
Dire shadows lie upon the hills,
And on the vale beneath ;
But, mirrored in the shining glass
Of loving memory,
The yester's sheen lies bright between
The sombre mist and me.

IT IS NOT DEATH.

THE shuttle of the weaver, Death,
To-night is swiftly flying
Through life's bright woof, and of a truth
I know that I am dying.
Day after day the shadow'd way
Grows clearer to my vision,
And soon, ah, soon ! mine is the boon
To tread the fields Elysian.

Much as this earth for me contains—
And O, so well I love it !—
When harrassed 'round with cruel pains,
Thought loves to soar above it
In sweet communion there to dwell,
Where sorrow cometh never,
And where the sad, sad word "Farewell,"
Is heard no more forever.

So do not chide me, dear ones, if
I look with anxious longing,
Above this life, at best so brief,
To where God's hosts are thronging.
I've wearied of the poet's wreath,
The world's all-hollow praises ;
It is not *death* to sleep beneath
The violets and daisies.

IN SUMMER.

THE brown thrush in the maple-tree
Her sweetest song is singing,
The while the sun, o'er mount and lea,
His jeweled robe is flinging.

The roses weave a perfumed hedge
In which the south winds dally ;
As by the river's fretted edge,
They walk adown the valley.

Sweet is the air with violets' breath,
And perfume of the clover,
And over all the earth beneath
The sky bends like a lover.

Nature reflects God's blessèd smile,
'Tis mirrored on each feature ;
The Love whose great breadth does the while
Encompass every creature.

I hear His step the winds adown,
The mountains all adore Him ;
He stills the waters with a frown,
The tempests bow before Him.

I hear His voice in every breeze,
In every pasture vernal,
In thankfulness my spirit sees
The love of the Eternal.

I see it in the sunlight's sheath,
The violets' blue cover ;
I see it in the earth beneath—
The blue sky bending over.

O, Earth is passing fair to those
Who to Him thanks do render.
The tiniest wild-flower as the rose,
Enfolds itself in splendor.

The thanks due to the One who made
The earth and all that's in it,
Whose hand its broad foundations laid,
Whose kindness did begin it.

And singing thus our songs of praise,
These hearts of ours will see the
Rare smile of Peace through all the days,
From Alpha to Omega.

LIFE'S DISCIPLINE.

I WAS so like a grieved, impatient child ;
I shrank so from the chastening rod :
And was, O so unreconciled,
Because sometimes the path I trod
Had more of thorns therein than flowers.
I said we know best what we need
And shrank from where His hand would lead,
Because His ways are not as ours.

A beauteous flower I fain would reach,
But could not for the tide was high ;
I dreamed sweet dreams, to see them each
And every one swift pass me by.
Life seemed at variance with Hope,
And Love was, O, so far away !
My life I said had known no May,
What thanks had *I* to offer up ?

I saw a leaf upon a tree—
A beauteous thing with raiment red ;
But it, too, hung so far from me
My heart would not be comforted.

I saw rare fruit the bough upon,
So luscious with the Summer's kiss,
But so far removed my hand would miss
From sun to sun, from sun to sun.

And so my days went on apace—
Went swiftly on, and on, and on,
And still there was upon my face
The story of a joy unwon ;
I wondered why I could not see
As others did, not as a child ;
Why I could not be reconciled,
Though life few joys had given me !

Ungrateful ! aye, I did not mean
To be, but was, from sun to sun ;
Not knowing that the discipline
Of loss for me a good had done ;
But now, to wiser stature grown,
I drop the cold hand of Distrust
To know His ways are always just,
And better for us than our own.

I pray the Christian's staff of strength
In after years I shall not miss ;
More sweet my joy, when I at length
Shall journey to that land from this ;
Because the grief that here opprest
The stern temptations I have known,
I shall not walk the way alone
That leads to everlasting rest.

FETTERS OF GOLD.

A STATELY house with turrets grand,
It stands upon the sloping hill :
No nobler one in all the land :
The tracery of a skillful hand
Is all about the place ; but still

There is a something incomplete,
A void among the grandeur there :
No child-voice with its accents sweet,
No pattering sound of little feet,
No white-robed forms at evening prayer.

The walls are hung with pictures rare,
The skill of many an artist's hand.
From out the silken hangings there
Soft incense floats upon the air,—
Rich odors from a tropic land.

The mistress is still fair and young,
The master he is stern and old ;
The same sad story told or sung :
A true heart she aside had flung,
And sold herself for paltry gold.

For it she'd wrecked a loving heart,
A dear head bowed with grief and shame ;
But yet the old, old pain will smart,
And tears of deep remorse will start
At but the mention of his name.

Aye, mistress of the mansion grand !
Oft does the vision come to you
As in your silken robes you stand—
Two youthful forms, hand clasping hand,
And vowing ever to be true !

O broken heart, with pain opprest !
The heir forever more of woe—
O lips to which grief's cup is pressed,
The draught that would have given rest
Was thrown away long years ago !

* * * * *

A long procession passed to-day
From out the mansion door,
Just as a tired ship made its way
Through the still waters of the bay
To meet and kiss the sanded shore.

A light foot touched the wave-washed beach ;
I saw a brow with lines of care
That back into the dead years reach,
And side by side they were, but each
Unconscious of the other there.

Something about the silent throng
Led him to join the mournful train ;
Proud tassels from the rich bier hung,
Plumes waved the drapery among,
And thus they two did meet again.

Then came the solemn burial-prayer,
The farewell to the silent dead
Who slept with jewels in her hair,
And dust to dust they laid her there
Within her low and narrow bed.

All turned away ; the stranger stood
Of all the solemn throng apart ;
Ah ! now, alas ! he understood
How he had even dared intrude,
Her name was graven on his heart.

None knew the secret of that night
That left its impress on the spot ;
Some said 'twas dew that gleamed so bright,
But O, I read the tale aright !—
His love had never been forgot.

And she, thank God, has found her rest !
No more her white face looks on me,
When day dies slowly in the west.
All is at peace within her breast ;
The chains are broke—the prisoner free.

TELL ME!

I CANNOT tell if it be love,
This sense of perfect rest ;
I only know the white-winged dove
Of Peace sits in my breast :

Answered *somehow* seems every prayer
My lips have ever framed ;
Of erst oft wandering, Hope sits there
Forever more reclaimed.

I do not know what it could be
That thrilled my pulses so,
As in the gloaming last night we
Walked slowly to and fro.
The feeling was too sweet by far
As yet to be expressed ;
Life seemed perfected with you there,
Your presence brought me rest.

Such rest as I have never known
In all my earthly years ;
Your coming brings me joy alone,
Your going brings me tears.
If 'tis not love, then tell me, sweet,
What casts this golden glow
Upon my path when e'er we meet—
Aye, tell me if you know !

THE CITY OF PEACE.

WHEN the tears of this life are all over, dear friend,
And its turmoil forever shall cease ;
When up the bright stairway our feet shall ascend
To the city whose name evermore shall be Peace.

Who will miss us, I wonder, from out the glad throng
Of the minstrels who come, and the minstrels
who go?

Who will miss us, and, missing, will long for the song
We sang of an evening long Summers ago?

We know not; we know only this at the best,
We shall leave all our griefs in this valley of tears;
In the evergreen pastures of Life we shall rest,
While the shuttle of Time throws the thread of
the years.

The grave, the dark grave, has no terrors for me,
For Hope has embroidered the funeral pall;
The hands calmly folded, the sleep that we see,
The eyes closed to beauty, the ears deaf to call—

I, never in thinking of those gone before,
In my heart can bewail such mute symbols as these;
For they give to the sleeper the key to the door
That leads to the city—the City of Peace.

M A R G A R E T .

MANY moons have waxed and waned,
Many suns have set,
Since beneath Italian skies
Laid we Margaret.

Margaret, the Queen of Song,
Pearl of rarest pearls,
With the death-dew heavy on
Her bright golden curls.

I have missed her many years,
And I miss her yet ;
Miss the voice when others praise
Of my Margaret ;
Miss the warm clasp of her hand,
And her ringing laugh ;
Ah, life has, since she is dead,
Lost its sweetness half.

Oft I faint beneath life's care,
Weary of its fret,
And I say, " Would thou wert here,
Dearest Margaret !"
But the threshold of the grave
She but once has crossed,
Hers but adds one name the more
To my " loved and lost."

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

SOFTLY blow, softly blow,
Winds of the morning !
Whisper low, whisper low,
Gentlest of warning !

For over the mountain
There comes from afar,
A monarch whose shield
Is as bright as a star.
White is his raiment,
And flashing with light
Is the crown on his forehead
With jewels bedight.
The bowers where Autumn
Her garlands have strown,
Have furled their bright banners,
The birds all have flown.
The brook as it murmurs
The valleys along,
Has guessed its sad meaning—
I know by its song.

But a short week ago,
From the old elm tree,
The king of the robins
Confided to me
That the fleet winds had said,
But the evening before,
The reign of the beautiful
Autumn was o'er.
And then in a twinkling
Was off on the wing,
To the land of bright sunshine
And eternal Spring.
O winds of the nor'-land
Your secret is told,

The wolf stands e'en now
At the gate of the fold !
Yet, O, I entreat you
To whisper it low !
For he cometh—King Winter—
Whose robe is the snow.

SUNSHINE IN THE HEART.

BLESSED is the man or woman
Who in life's vicissitudes
Never o'er a disappointment
In a hopeless spirit broods ;
All their days are days of gladness,
Where joy's sacred flowers upstart.
Blest for aye the man or woman
Who keeps sunshine in the heart.

Whose bright faces ever mirror
Pictures from the inner shrine ;
They, and they alone, do ever
Drink hope's sacramental wine.
Such can laugh when melancholy
Flings at them her poisoned dart ;
They can well defy bleak weather,
Keeping sunshine in the heart.

Such an one is to be envied
Of a truth more than a king ;

For into life's Winter weather
They can take the charms of Spring.
Life can never be a failure,
Nor hope's garland fall apart,
With them who, through all its changes,
Carry sunshine in the heart.

WHEN FROM EARTH I GO AWAY.

Do not weep for me, I pray,
When from earth I go away.
Only kiss me on my brow,
Saying "She is happy now,"
Only kiss me, saying low,
"It is, dearest, better so."

Though to your impassioned cry
I shall make no love-reply ;
Though no word of greeting slips
From my white and smileless lips
Looking on your voiceless dead,
Let your heart be comforted.

Never more to weep again,
Ne'er to feel the touch of pain,
I shall never, night or day,
Be from you so far away
But I can with angel-speech
Down the silence to you reach.

Then no tear above me shed
When they whisper, "She is dead!"
Kiss me on my chilling brow,
Saying "She is happy now."
Only kiss me, saying low,
"It is, dearest, better so."

FLOWER INCENSE.

OLD Mother Earth, with arms brim full
Of dainty violets,
That we so love the beautiful
And pure never forgets.
She makes the tangled braes to glow,
The prairied reach to shine,
Where flowers have made swift haste to throw
Their gems on Nature's shrine.

And thou, O wind! O Summer wind!
The green braes sweeping o'er;
Sweep every grief from out my mind—
Sweep every joy before,
While, 'mong the scent of fern and rose,
From upland and from lea,
The hand of Nature kindly throws
Flower incense unto me.

MY DEAD.

UNDER the starry daisies,
Under the violets' sheen,
Are many and many faces
That I in my life have seen.
Under the blossoming clover
That maketh the fields so red,
Under the grasses cover
Slumber my dreamless dead.

From earth and earthly places
Gone evermore away,
Are, O, so many faces
Dear to my heart alway !
But up in the Heavenly meadows,
Up in that land of bliss,
They take no note of the shadows
That hide them away in this !

Under the starry daisies,
Under the violets' sheen,
Touching their many faces
A wondrous hand has been.
And the streets of the city golden
Are made like the sun to shine,
With the faces of those olden
And earth-lost friends of mine.

THE EARL'S SECRET.

THEY wandered down the corridor,
The Earl and his young bride ;
She, gentle as a timid fawn,
He, mighty in his pride.
But though her sire was, too, an Earl,
It did not seem betide
That she should ever mate the stern,
Dark warrior by her side.

A week before and he had brought
Her to his lordly hall,
To be the sharer of his wealth—
His bride, his love, his all.
But something in that silent room
Swept o'er them like a pall,
Though nothing but a picture hung
Upon the cobwebbed wall.

Like a frail reed swept by a storm
Trembled his stalwart frame,
As with a cry upon his lip
He uttered but a name :
A name an angel might have spoke,
Nor deemed it linked with shame ;
Then to his bride, " It is so like,—
But cannot be the same,—

" The face I met across the sea ;
It has her wondrous eyes ;

I do not wonder that you stand
Bewildered for surprise ;
And see the lips, the coral mines
Have lent their brightest dyes,
Though the sweet face is partly hid
Beneath the dust's disguise !

“ But you are weary standing here,
And tremble with affright ;
Or would you hear the story, dear,
Amid the gathering night ?
E'en when the splendor of these eyes
Are fading from our sight,
As did her eyes across the sea
Fade under sorrows' blight. .

“ Well, list, my bird, and I will tell
The tale from shame not free,
E'en with these memory-haunting eyes
Looking so sad on me.
It is enough that once we met
Beside the sobbing sea,
And though my feet stole there alone,
Something returned with me.

“ Something, whose purity had shamed
The lily of the glen ;
But though my hand had won the prize,
I was despised of men.
And she, O darling ! 'neath the stars

We often met again,
But never from her dusky eyes
Went out the look of pain.

“ I could not claim her as my bride,
She was of lowly birth,
Though fitting in her beauty rare
For any king on earth.
And I had stolen from her life
All that made life of worth ;
Had made for her in all her years
A pilgrimage of dearth.

“ I prayed unto my haughty sire
To let me save her life
From all the shame, by giving her
The hallowed name of wife ;
But on my sorrow-stricken head
Fell words with anger rife ;
So, to redeem his proud old name,
I forfeited her life.

“ There came a time when these old halls
Missed their proud master's tread ;
When in the old ancestral vaults
My sire slept with the dead,
Where sorrow's frosts should nevermore
Fall round about his head.
Then, like a bird whose wing is freed,
Across the sea I sped.

“ ’Twas night when to her door I came,
But silence lay around
So deep, that e’en the whispering wind
Seemed like a dirge profound,
As, like a memory-haunted soul,
It walked the cottage round,
As though it fain would tell her that
Her happiness was found.

“ But in the moonlight, strangely near,
I saw a new-made grave,
And conscience whispered to my heart,
‘ You are too late to save.’
Go list her dirge where once she sung
Beside the echoing wave,
Or o’er your dark, impassioned heart
Let the deep waters lave.

“ How for my fears I reached the mound
I scarcely need to tell,
The wind had told the o’er-true tale.
Well might it wail a knell,
For on the tablet gleaming there
This only—‘ Isabel ’—
Told me that with the bride I sought
All was forever well.

“ Ten years I trod through desert-lands,
But ever by my side
There shone the sad, reproachful eyes,
Of the fair girl who died—

Who should have queened it here to-day,
In all her regal pride.
Her memory was dearer far
Than all the world beside,

“ Till, like a gentle white-winged dove,
You flitted 'cross my way ;
Then first amid the drearsome night
I saw the gleam of day,
And said, ‘ I fain would wear this bird
Next to my heart always,
Upon its sobbing, trembling chords,
Some sweeter notes to play.’

“ Yet I have sinned in choosing thus ;
Dear love, you should have wed
One who wears honor's spotless crown
Upon a royal head,
For with this tale of deep remorse
Your heart had never bled,
If I had been as true as she
Who sleeps among the dead.”

The darkness settled all around,
Hiding the face so fair,
E'en hid the two who side by side
Knelt in the silence there.
And from the sweet lips of the bride
Went forth the earnest prayer
That what was e'er his weal or woe,
She might forever share.

Then forth they passed from out the room,
She trusting as of old,
Loving, forgetful of the tale
His truthful lips had told.
But something shone upon her brow,
Amid the locks of gold,
A seal that told most worthy she
Was of her Saviour's fold.

What gem can shine as does the one
Forgiveness does impart ?
I know the bitterness of pain
Went from her husband's heart ;
Her kiss had healed for aye the wound
Where lurked remorse's dart—
O Charity ! meek child of Faith,
Love's own dear proof thou art !

IN THE DUSK.

COMES the shadows one by one,
Telling us the day is done ;
Homeward wends the lowing kine,
Dewy hangs the drooping vine ;
O'er the myrtle and the rose
Broods the spirit of repose ;
Where Day's raiment fluttered past,
See, the stars have come at last !

Luna, in her regal state,
Riding through the eastern gate
Flings her reins out on the breeze,
And they tangle 'mong the trees,
Till a golden net seems spread
Through the larches overhead;
Sit with me, O friend of mine,
While she spills her ambient wine.

Sit beside mine lattice, sweet,
While the winds a song repeat,
For your eyes quite shame the stars
Gleaming twixt the azure bars;
Look whichever way you will,
But I promise you until
Your dear form is hid from view,
When I wist I shall look too.

I shall never see the sky
With your fair, sweet face so nigh,
Nor a star, however bright,
Till your eyes are lost to sight.
Sitting thus, where Day and Eve
Over us their banners weave;
Friends, I drink the sweetest wine
E'er vouchsafed these lips of mine.

WHITE BLOSSOM OF REST.

Open thine arms, O Earth, my Mother,
Take me, O take me close, close to thy breast,
I am tired of this world, and I long for the other,
I, O my mother, am only another,
Longing to wear the white blossom of Rest.

O, but to slip from the shadows around me,
Out where the feet of the angels have press'd,
Galling the fetters, O me, that have bound me,
And never a day has yet come but has found me
Longing to wear the white blossom of Rest.

Like a child for lost treasures my heart has been
grieving,
So long in the brambles my tired feet have press'd,—
Let me go, what is earth that I sorrow in leaving?
Let me go, O the joy that I find in believing
You will place on my brow the white blossom of
Rest.

RAIN OF SUMMER.

HARK, I hear the tapping, tapping
On the pane,
Of the white, bejeweled fingers
Of the rain.

And I hear the welcome footsteps
At the door,
Of the blessèd rain of Summer,
Come once more..

She, through weeks of anxious waiting
Kept aloof,
O it seems like angels walking
On the roof.

Mother Earth ne'er seemed so happy
As to-night ;
And the brooklets loud are singing
For delight.

Every flower a hymn is chanting
Of content,
For the blessèd rain of Summer
God has sent.

A PICTURE FROM MEMORY.

It all comes back to me to-day,
The memory of that afternoon,
When, sailing up the Chemount Bay,
We watched the carpeting that June
Had spread upon the prairied reach.
Sometimes our lips were framed in speech ;
But oftenest we nothing said,
For never from Great Nature's book
Had we a sweeter poem read.

And as our hearts were busy thus
In reading from her precious lore,
High in the blue afloat o'er us,
Receding from the hills' green shore,
White cloud-ships with their canvas flung
Out to the breeze sped on their way,
Some in bright moorings calmly lay,
And some a tiny star had hung

Just like a watch-light at their prow,
For, lo! the sun had slipped away,
And Night her robes was trailing low
Upon the green reach and the Bay.
As one who to sweet music lists
From the great world I turn aside,—
As though it never yet had died,
The memory of that day exists.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE RAIN.

THEY fall upon my roof to-night,
And sadden me again,
In sandals soled with rays of light—
The soft feet of the rain.
The solemn, sad-voiced winds the while,
Like a lone mourner grieves,
As Autumn's withered leaves they pile
High up beneath the eaves.

O sweet remembrances of them
Who sleep beneath the sod !
Whose raiments' tear-bespangled hem
Trails o'er the path they trod,
Bring me from out the realms of space
A solace for this pain ;
Step quicker yet, go on apace,
O soft feet of the rain !

Ye 'mind me so of other feet
Who come to me no more ;
Of swift-winged joys, so fair and sweet,
Gone by forevermore.
And over all the years now dead,
Thought spreads her wings again,
As on the roof-tree overhead
I hear the Autumn rain.

FAITH IN YOU.

THE world has been to you, love,
Most selfish and unkind ;
Friends many have been untrue, love,
But, dearest, never mind.
Still in the path of Right, love,
Your onward course pursue ;
'Tis morning after night, love,—
I still have faith in you.

Not wealth or fame you've won, love,
 (You're happier thus, you'll find.)
Your work has been well done, love,
 So, dearest, never mind.
And if you've done your best, love,
 You've surely naught to rue ;
In sweet content then rest, love,
 I still have faith in you.

Do not rebel at fate, love,
 Her clouds are silver-lined,
The sun will shine, though late, love,
 Then, dearest, never mind.
This heart will trust you still, love,
 Whatever others do ;
This heart forever will, love,
 Have boundless faith in you.

FIRELIGHT FANCIES.

I AM thinking to-night, I am thinking,
 As I sit in the firelight's glow,
Of faces that shone round the old home-hearth
 In the firelight of Long Ago.

What fancies we wove of the bright To-Come,
 As we peered through the dreamy haze
That enshrouded the future from us,
 In the far-off mystical days.

O the beauteous hopes that lured us then,
Which never have been fulfilled !
O the precious wine the hand of the Years
From the cup of our joy has spilled !

What pictures we wrought that Winter night,
As we sat in the firelight's glow ;
Pictures now faded and washed by tears,
In the frame of the Long Ago !

I am thinking to-night, I am thinking
Of that gladsome, young, radiant band,
But I miss the kiss of the honeyed lip,
And the touch of the kindly hand.

They have gone from my sight like the white-
snow wreath
The Winter spread over the earth,
We will meet no more in the olden home
With the firelight aglo' on the hearth.

Some are sleeping 'neath sweet-scented thyme,
Some under the daisies and clover,
With the sod of the valley pressed over the hearts
Whose hopes and whose dreams now are over.

The Past ! O the mystical lines it weaves
In the web of sunshine and gloom,
Till I almost fancy I see again
The faces that sleep in the tomb !

Mine own have looked into love-lit eyes,
Dear faces have gladdened my sight,
As I have sat by my silent hearth
Alone in the weird firelight.

OUR ONLY ONE.

OUR darling's feet grew weary in the gloaming,
Too tired he was to lisp the words, "Our Father;"
The red, red roses only yester blooming
Upon his cheeks, had dropped away together.
His gentle brow, so waxen and so saintly,
A band of pain was knotted fast around,
And out his parted lips, but O so faintly,
The breath came with a most foreboding sound!

His pansy eyes were full of direful pleading,
As, reaching up to us one little hand,
His lips for ease of pain were interceding.
Ah! 'twas an easy thing for us to understand
That Death was walking close beside us,
Weaving his crown of amaranthine flowers,
And thrice before—aye, thrice—he had denied us
Dear baby hands to hold the while in ours.

Three times before had little dainty fingers
Like snow-flakes slipped from ours away;
One little bird is all, alas! that lingers
Within the bower of Home to-day.

One little bird, "O spare!" our white lips fashion,
If he must go, another time, I pray, instead!
Upon his anguish God has had compassion,
Our little bird--O God! our only one—is dead!

TO BE WITH THEE.

I've wearied of the world's vain praise,
I've wearied of its smiles;
A song of other, brighter days,
No longer me beguiles.
The festive hall is all alight,
Gay voices call to me,
But O, I'm longing more to-night
To be with thee, with thee!

My heart is sick and comfortless,
Yet I must wear a smile,
Because the throng must never guess
I sorrow so the while.
I teach my lips to wreathe in song
Rare flowers of melody,
And all the while, beloved, I long
So much for thee, for thee!

They whisper that my dusky eyes
Were never half so bright;
That a whole world of gladness lies
Within their depths to-night.

But, ah ! beneath my borrowed mask
They are too blind to see,
That in my heart I only ask
To be with thee, with thee !

M A R I O N .

FROM God's hand one bud so sweet
Dropped from Heaven to my feet
In the Summers long ago.
In its petals white as snow.
As it lay upon my bosom
There was promise of a blossom
That should be most fair to see.
(So to-day she seems to me.)
Suns of sixteen years have shed
Golden halo on her head ;
Perfected her form in grace ;
Added beauty to her face ;
All my mother-heart can do
Can not half portray to you
How she looks, her dainty feet
Standing 'mong the blossoms sweet
Of her sixteenth Summer, and
Looking forward to the land
Of the Future. Land unseen
For the shadows yet between.

Lips in maiden sweetness chaste,
Bronze hair reaching to her waist,
Eyes whose tint a reflex seem :
In whose depths there lurks the dream
Of the years of life to come.
Dainty rosebud half in bloom :—
Where is maiden fairer than
She, my queenly Marion ?

Nearing fast the mystic gate
Girlhood reaches soon or late,
Sometimes will a vague unrest
Rise and haunt the while my breast,
Fears that in the future she
Direful griefs and cares may see.

Mother-love not always may
Pluck the thorns from out her way ;
Womanhood has cares and tears,
Hopeless dreams, and hopeless years.
Tender feet across its track
Ne'er as yet have journeyed back.
But my prayer is, night and day,
May she walk the sunniest way
Life to mortal here can give.
Teach her, Father, so to live
That when earthly life is o'er
She shall be a *child* once more.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

O SUMMER winds, whose restless feet
Now wander to and fro !
O stars, whose radiant gems complete
The crown on Nature's brow !
O bright-eyed moon, whose golden lyre
Swings in the vault of Night,
And like a hooded friar walks
The star-begirted height.
O forest deep and ocean wide,
O mountain high and grand !
On all of ye has Nature stamped
The impress of God's hand.

I hear His voice amid the rain
That falls upon my roof ;
I see His eye amid the flowers
That weave earth's carpet's woof ;
I feel His presence in my soul,
His hand upon my heart,
And know that this so humble life
Is of His love a part.
A tithe e'en of the wondrous skill
His handiwork displays,
And with all Nature will I lift
My voice to hymn His praise.

LET IT PASS.

WHEN the hand of sly Intrigue
Seems with hidden foes at league,
And the tongue of Slander says
Every thing but in your praise,
If your conscience only be
Wed to truth and purity,
Never mind the "what they say,"
'Tis by far the better way.
Better be on the alert,
Lest you should with short retort
Add more fuel to the flame.
As you value your good name,
Though the world to stab you has
Tried the while, just let it pass,
Friend, I pray you, let it pass.

It is always mean and low
To strike back a coward blow.
Truth is truth, or here or there,
Right is right, and everywhere—
Just the same that wrong is wrong.
In life's pathway strewn along
Thorns are often found to vex;
Cares and troubles will perplex.
Weeds of sorrow without number
Will life's precious soil encumber,
If you lend an ear to all
We by Slander's name may call.

*Do the best that you can do,
To your conscience proving true,
And the victor's part you will
Of a verity fulfill.*

SLEEPING.

Do you wonder I am weeping
All the live-long day ?
Down beneath the grasses sleeping,
Is my Aggie Ray.
Sleeping with her brow so chilly,
O so chilly, and
Holding but a withered lily
In her snowy hand !

O'er her blue eyes sweep the lashes,
Shutting in their light,
While the ruby jewel flashes
On her finger white.
Friend, few months ago I won her,
Won her mine to be,
With her bridal raiment on her
Parted now are we.

Never does she hear me calling,
" Aggie, Aggie Ray !"
While for her my tears are falling,
Drip, drop, all the day.

They have made her bridal chamber
 All too low, alas !
O too well do I remember
 Only she could pass

Through the door on emerald hinges
 Which 'tween us has swung,
Where the flowers' sweet-scented fringes
 All about have hung.
Fair the coverlet above her
 Which the Spring has spread ;
O the violets' all love her
 None the less now dead !

Death not long can part such lovers,
 This my comfort be ;
Sometime and the roof that covers
 Her shall cover me.
When this misty veil of weeping
 Shall have dropped away,
Side by side we shall be sleeping,
 I, and Aggie Ray !

Side by side our feet shall wander
 In that land of bliss—
In that country over yonder,
 Past the verge of this.
To her flower-strewn bridal chamber
 Death will ope the door,
And I smile when I remember
 We shall part no more.

MY DARLING.

BLUER than these pansy blossoms are my darling's
starry eyes,
And he loves me, O he loves me, nothing can the
truth disguise !
Tho' he never yet has fashioned love's sweet rhythm
into words,
Yet his voice to me is sweeter than the song of
Summer birds.

Through the chrism of the twilight drifts the echo
of a tune,
Clearer than the happy carol of a singing-bird in
June.
Words his lips have kept unuttered, lettered in his
love-lit eye,
Seal him mine, and mine forever, while the years of
life go by !

In Thought's holy citadel, where his sweetest memo-
ries throng,
If he thinks of me with worship, O my heart, will it
be wrong ?
If he loves me, dare I chide him, saying to him,
"Nay, and nay ?
It is better to forget me, put the thoughts of me
away !"

Love, O love, I cannot ask it, words like these I
cannot speak !

I would faithful be to duty, but my heart, alas ! is
weak !

And I never see a pansy with its tender eyes of blue,
But my darling, O my darling, all my heart goes out
to you !

Floats the scent of fragrant roses softly through the
Summer air,

'Minding me of ones he gathered in the twilight for
my hair.

And my tears are falling, falling with a sorrowful
refrain,

For the rose of hope is withered, and can never
bloom again.

Dearest, O my best beloved, let me call you so
to-day !

Call you so, although you never hear the blessed
words I say.

Heart to heart has fondly answered, on love's tablet
pure and white,

Still again " My own, mine only," with a loving hand
I write.

NOVEMBER SONG.

IF you try you'll surely win it,
Fly, O fly, then, little linnet !

Plume your wing, too, dainty swallow,
Where the Spring is, follow, follow !

Bird with breast like gold aglitter,
Leave your nest, the winds are bitter !

Sweet-heart thrush, I pray you hearken,
Hush, O hush, the shadows darken !

Do not wait a day that's coming,
It is late for bird and blooming.

Comes a day of dreary weather,
Fly away, sweet birds, together.

THE DYING YEAR.

THERE is silence on the air,
And nothing but the Winter wind
Singing its dirge of dire despair
For him who, mute, and dumb, and blind,
Steps with his locks with sorrow gray
Into Oblivion's stream to-day.

No kindly hand is stretched to save
Or shield him from the dark abyss,
In that still land where lies his grave,
When he has done for aye with this,
This dear old year, so kind and true,
Would he could live his life anew.

I've found him very kind to me,
And loth am I to have him go;
He taught my lips new songs of glee,
And I shall miss him much I know—
Shall miss him as the years go by,
And grieve, and grieve, that he should die.

I hear sweet voices weaving songs
To while away his dying hours,
But not so mine, my spirit longs
To keep this dear old year of ours.
But naught, not e'en my love, can stay
His footsteps on his homeward way.

I sit and weep in dark despair,
Unheeding all the gladsome throng
Waiting to greet the New Year, where
He enters in with smile and song.
I only see a yawning grave,
And hear the roar of Lethe's wave.

I sit amid the festive throng
Where merry voices thrill
A welcome in a joyful song
To him who comes his place to fill;
But on my lip the song is mute,
My heart is but a broken lute.

O take me from the lighted hall,
It mocks my sorrow so;
I would no festal light should fall
Where walks the old year faint and slow.

Alone, where solemn winds walk by,
My voice shall sob its last good-by.

Perhaps my heart will grow more light,
Beneath the New Year's joyful spell ;
But ask me not for song to-night,
Save the one dirge, a sad farewell.
They say he calmly fell asleep ;
More calm than I—I can but weep !

THE TWO ANGELS.

WHEN Night donned her mantle embroidered with
stars,
Two angels, astray from the fold,
Came down through the beautiful chrysolite bars
That lead from the City of Gold.

Each wore on his brow a garland of bay,
And the eyes of the journeyers twain
Were brighter than ever a midsummer day,
And soft as the sheen of the rain.

Each, too, in his hand bore a harp fitly strung
To evoke all the spirits of praise,
And this was the song which the two angels sung
As they went on their separate ways :

“ Hosanna and praise to the Lamb evermore,
Who dwells in the pastures of bliss—
Who walks 'mong the lilies that border the shore
Just over the river from this.

“ Believe, O believe, ye sojourners of earth,
In the beautiful truth Jesus told—
Which He spake ere He passed to His heavenly
birth,
Through the lips of the prophets of old !”

And the winds and the stars re-echoed the song,
All the earth sang a pæan of praise,
As the angels a glorious mission upon
Went forth on their separate ways.

B L I N D .

OF love my lips but yester said,
Aye, of a truth it now is dead !
Put it from out my sight away—
Let it be buried with the day !

But O this morn my heart is strong
To sing a gladder, sweeter song ;
This morn I say, with spell-bound breath,
For love like ours there is *no* death.

Now, having put the veil aside
Of Arrogance, Distrust, and Pride,
Its fair brow bared before my gaze,
I see the love of Other Days.

The love that would not be gainsaid—
The love that we had fancied dead.
O we have been so blind, I say,
We ne'er loved as we do to-day !

OVER THE RIVER.

I WALK on the banks of life's mystical stream,
On the banks where the tall aspens shiver ;
And being earth-weary, I dream a sweet dream
Of the country just over the river.
O that country so fair ! O the loved I have there,
Safe, safe in Christ's keeping forever !
O the soul's perfect bliss when we journey from this
To the country just over the river.

I walk in the paths that they traversed of yore,
But they gladden my vision now never.
On the silent-oared ferry my loved have passed o'er,
To the country just over the river ;
And I'm longing to go where the Peace-Lilies blow,
Give me rest, O thou kindly Peace-Giver,
From this sad land of woe, O my soul, let us go
To the country just over the river !

REACHING OUT A HELPING HAND.

WHEN we see one who has fallen,
Striving bravely to regain
Something of our lost esteem,
Trying hard to wash the stain
Of disgrace from out their garment
What more noble thing or grand
Can we do than to them kindly
Reach an ever-helping hand.

Ah, the dear God only knoweth
How so hard they may have tried,
But so many, O so many,
Pass upon the other side !
Cheering words are easy spoken—
Ever ours are at command ;
Many have been saved for Heaven
By a kindly, helping hand.

In a most auspicious moment
(Else there were no tale to tell),
In a moment, when unguarded,
They were tempted, and they fell.
O the fallen ! they are many !
Scattered over the whole land
Are the ones whom we might succor
With a kindly, helping hand.

Let us help them, sisters, brothers,
Ere the even-tide is nigh ;
Let us bravely do to others
As we fain would be done by.
'Tis a broad, broad field of labor ;
Nobler none, or none more grand ;
Even as we hope for mercy,
Let us give a helping hand.

A WINTER EVENING PICTURE.

UPON the Earth's white-shrouded breast
The silent feet of Night are prest,
And many a wondrous gem
Flashes its rare scintillant light
Upon our half-bewildered sight,
From out her garment's hem.

The Moon, drawn in her shining car,
Her 'kerchief fastened with a star
And edged with golden lace,
Half seems in her imperial track
To pause the moment, looking back
With kindly smiling face.

Cloud ships drift slowly 'cross the blue,
The signal-lights oft shining through,

The lamps the angels light.
O fair the picture that I see
Hung in the blue dome over me,
This beauteous Winter night !

THE BROWN OWL.

THE brown owl sings, " Too whoo, too whit !"
" Too whit, too whoo !" the brown owl sings,
As peering the deep darkness through,
So lazily he flaps his wings,
" Too whit, too whoo !" he loudly sings
The while he flaps his mottled wings.

Why does he ever question this ?
Is there no one to answer him ?
What joy, I wonder, does he miss,
That all night long upon the limb
Of some old tree he sings, " Too whoo !"
The while he peers the darkness through ?

" Too whit, too whoo !" I'd answer you,
Old owl, if I your meaning guessed ;
You should not make so much ado,
If I could put your heart to rest—
Would I could answer your " Too whoo,"
O'er which you make so much ado !

THE RIVER OF YOUTH.

AFAR up the river whose tide bore me here,
The beautiful river of Youth,
The borders were fair and the waters were clear,
And never an echo did fall on my ear,
But the voices of Love and of Truth.

There are islets of joy that have faded from sight,
Like the face of a friend who is dead ;
Where the lilies of bliss were blossoming white,
And the flowers of hope, and the flowers of delight,
All about me their sweet incense shed.

There were barks Friendship-laden that sailed with
my own
From my youth's, O, so radiant shore,
But safe into Port they have slipped one by one,
And I see them no more, for their voyage is done ;
O me ! but I see them no more !

There were hands that were reached to me over the
tide,
Dear hands of the tried and the true,
Long years have their clasp to my own been denied ;
O dear vanished hands of the true and the tried,
'Tis in vain that mine reaches for you !

But lying before is a beautiful shore
Whose splendor no pen can portray ;
And there, when the fret of the earth-life is o'er,
I shall meet once again with my loved gone before,
And my longing be over for aye.

RECOMPENSE.

O WEARY hands that empty wait
To grasp the golden thread of Fate !
O brows, whereon the crown of pain
Has Reason's chaplet réft in twain !
O feet, that long in briery ways
Have walked through grief-beclouded days,
Nor found the flowers of Rest that grow
To brighten up life's path below !
I say in faith be brave to do,
The sun will sometime shine for you.

Though fate may frown and storms may mock,
God sees each lambkin of His flock.
No feet that walk His pastures, may
In blindness go so far astray
But that He sees the wandering one,
And some day will reclaim His own.
O brothers mine, whose hands are hard
With daily toil ! lo, your reward

Is sure ! O toiling sisters, often faint
Beneath the burden of complaint,
Fate's golden thread will sometime weave
A golden woof for you, believe.

FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER.

FLOATING down Life's rapid stream,
Light and shadows o'er me,
I am dreaming the old dream
Others have before me.
Dreaming of the perfect bliss
Of the kingdom vernal,
When I go away from this
To the Land Eternal.

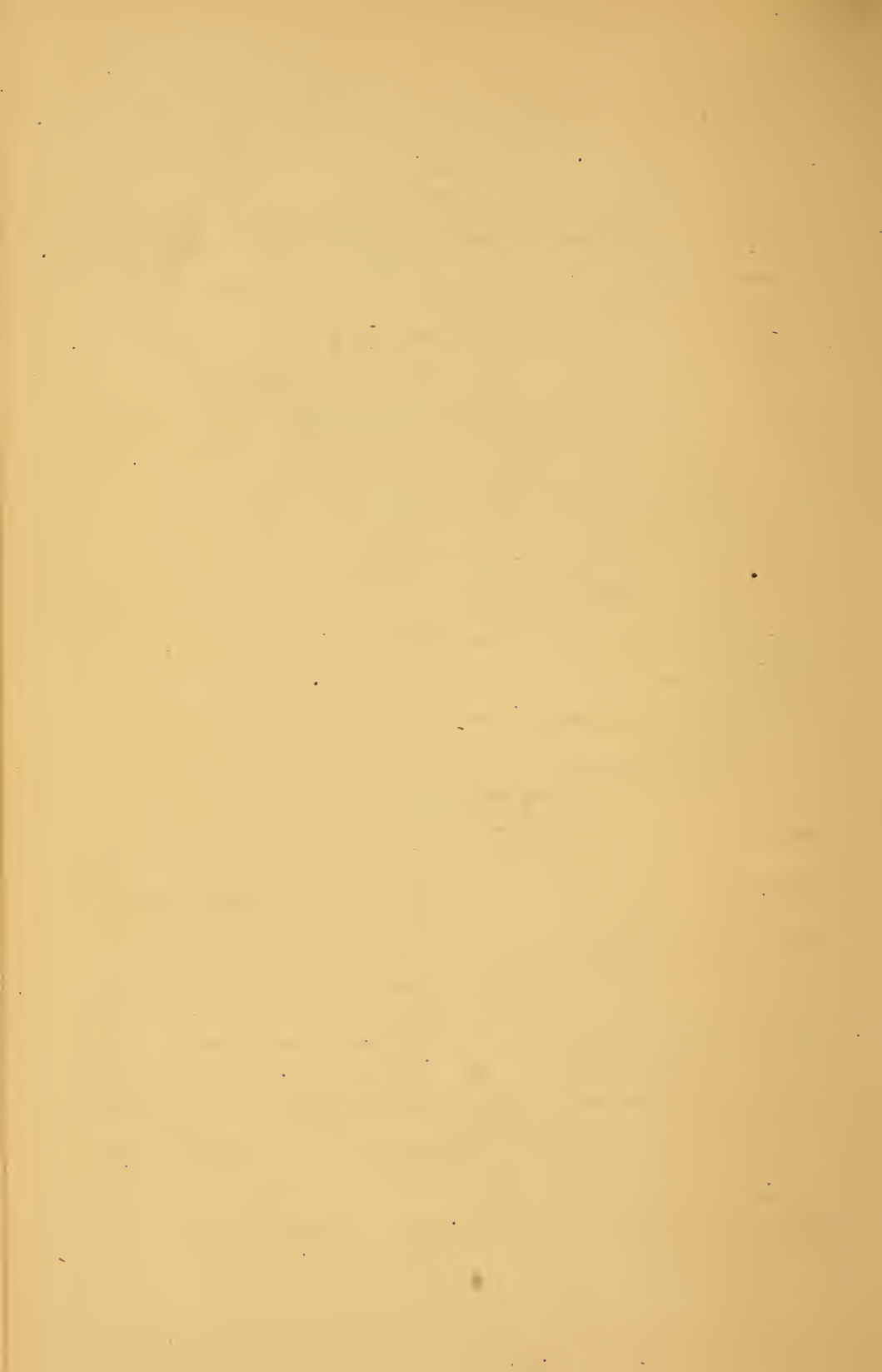
Floating down the stream that ends
At the City Golden ;
Going out to meet the friends
Of the days so olden.
Bright this earthly land I know,
But that one is brighter ;
White the lilies that here blow,
But *there* they are whiter.

Floating down through sun and shade
To the sunset crossing ;
But my soul is not afraid
On the billows tossing.

Reached to me I see a Hand
Which will help and guide me ;
On the ferry where I stand
Is a Form beside me ;

On before where I shall tread
Is a beacon shining,
Lighting up the clouds o'erhead
With a silver lining.
Christ to me will be anear—
Faithful Friend forever ;
What, my soul, hast thou to fear,
Floating down the river.

THE END.



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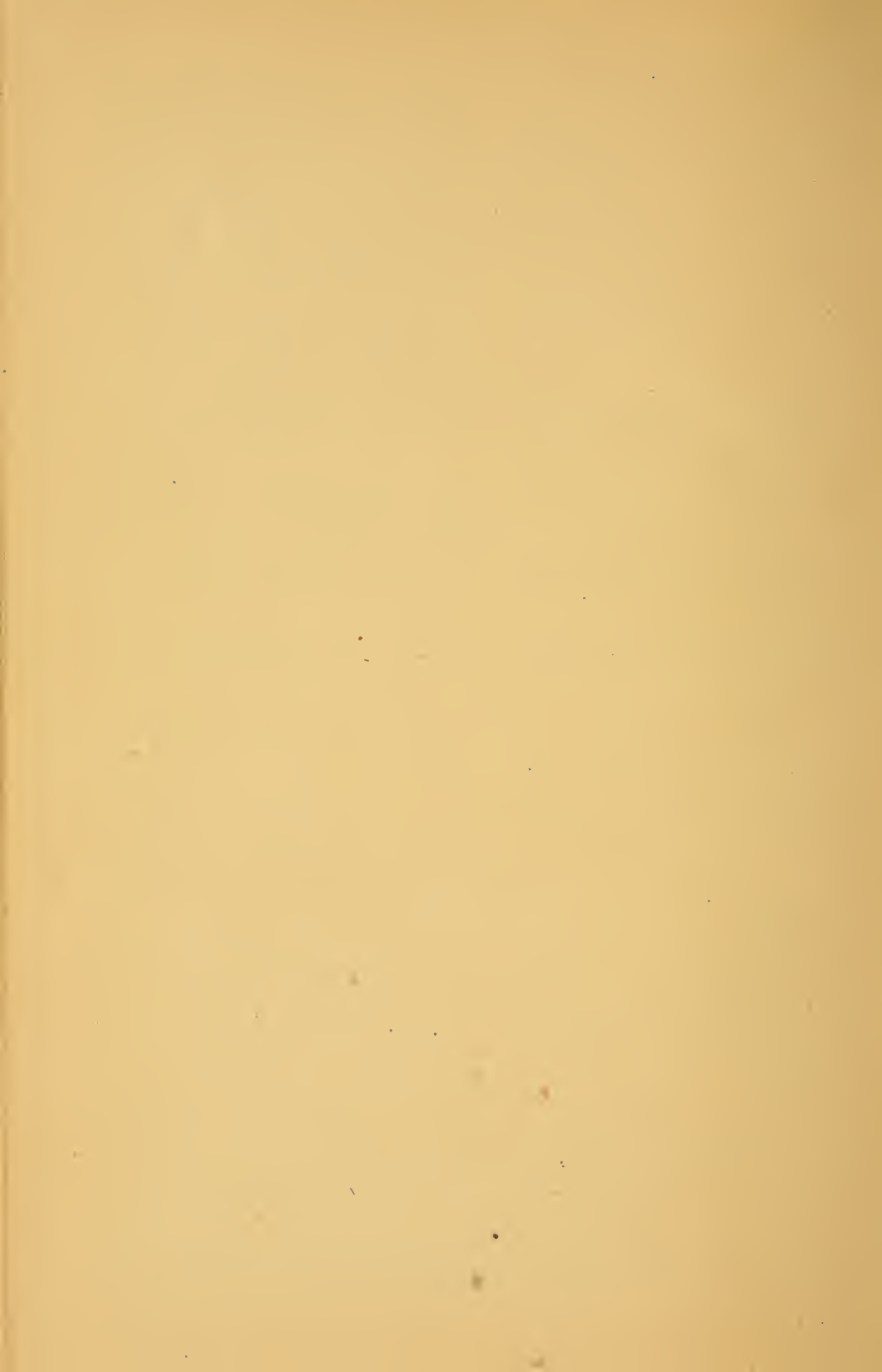
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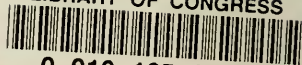
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